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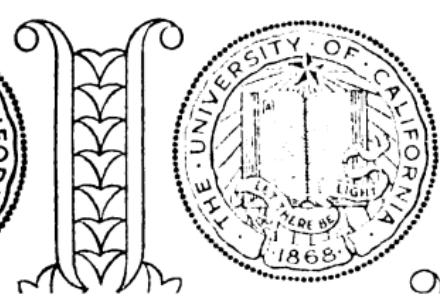
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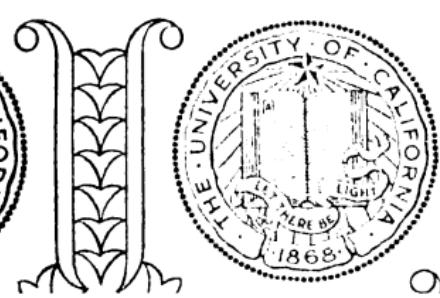
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[FOURTH EDITION.]

THE

ACADEMICAL READER,

COMPRISED SELECTIONS FROM THE

Most Admired Authors,

DESIGNED TO PROMOTE THE LOVE OF

VIRTUE, PIETY, AND PATRIOTISM:

TO ASSIST THE STUDENT TO READ WITH PROPRIETY, CONVERSE WITH
FLUENCY AND EASE, AND TO SPEAK IN PUBLIC WITH
DIGNITY AND EFFECT.

COMPILED BY

JOHN J. HARROD.

"Happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose chief delight is the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of employment are still with them; and that weary listlessness, which renders life insupportable to the voluptuous and the indolent, is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading."—*Telemachus*.

"May Columbia always afford more than one Demosthenes, to support the cause of Freedom; and may more than Ciceronian eloquence be always ready to plead for injured innocence, and suffering virtue."—*Perkins*.

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STEREOTYPE EDITION.

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DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, &c.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this first day of May, in the fifty-fourth year of the independence of the United States of America, JOHN J. HARROD, L. S. of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“The Academical Reader, comprising Selections from the most Admired Authors, designed to promote the love of Virtue, Poetry, and Patriotism; to assist the student to read with propriety, converse with fluency and ease, and to speak in public with dignity and effect. Compiled by John J. Harrod. ‘Happy are they whose amusement is knowledge, and whose chief delight is in the cultivation of the mind! Wherever they shall be driven by the persecution of Fortune, the means of employment are still with them; and that weary listlessness, which renders life insupportable to the voluptuous and the indolent, is unknown to those who can employ themselves by reading.’—Telemachus.—‘May Columbia always afford more than one Demosthenes, to support the cause of Freedom; and may more than Ciceronian eloquence be always ready to plead for injured innocence, and suffering virtue.’—Perkins.”

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned;” and also to the act entitled, “An act supplementary to the act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

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DEDICATION.

TO THE

**LABORIOUS, FAITHFUL AND COMPETENT
INSTRUCTORS OF YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES,**

AND

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS

WHO KNOW HOW TO APPRECIATE

THE VALUABLE SERVICES OF THOSE

WHO ARE BEST QUALIFIED

TO IMPART

THE PRINCIPLES AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS

OF A GOOD EDUCATION

TO THE

RISING GENERATION,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

By their friend,

THE COMPILER.

BALTIMORE, May 1, 1830.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.



IN presenting to the public the second edition of the *Academical Reader*, revised and improved, the compiler cannot repress the expression of his sincere acknowledgements of gratitude for the general and unequivocal marks of approbation by which the first edition has been characterized.

The respectable recommendations forwarded to the publisher by Principals of Seminaries, male and female, and others of distinguished literary attainments; have imparted an interest to this work which will, no doubt, be highly appreciated by the public.

Whilst this edition has been much improved by increasing the number of sections, and marking them in regular numerical order, the pages of the matter contained in the second edition will be found to correspond with the same matter in the first edition. A few pieces have been introduced in place of others of less general interest, in the former edition.

The very rapid sale of the first edition induces the expectation that a third edition will be demanded in a short time.

THE COMPILER.

December 8th, 1830.

INTRODUCTION.

Observations on the Principles of Good Reading and Elocution, from Murray, Walker and others.

TO read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is essential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings of the author, whose sentiments he professes to repeat: for how is it possible to represent clearly to others, what we have but faint or inaccurate conceptions of ourselves?

To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the necessary pauses, emphasis, and tones, may be discovered and put in practice, is not possible. After all the directions that can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the living instructor; much will be attainable by no other means, than the force of example, influencing the imitative powers of the learner. The observations which we have to make, for these purposes, may be comprised under the following heads: *Proper Loudness of Voice; Distinctness; Slowness; Propriety of Pronunciation; Emphasis; Tunes; Pauses; and Mode of Reading Verse.*

PROPER LOUDNESS OF VOICE.

The first attention of every person who reads to others, doubtless, must be to make himself heard by all those to whom he reads. He must endeavour to fill with his voice the space occupied by the company. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is, in a good measure, the gift of nature; but it may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends, for this purpose, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every person has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance. The low, is when he approaches to a whisper. The middle, is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard in a large company. This is confounding two things which are different, loudness or strength of sound, with the key or note in which we speak. There is a variety of sound within the compass of each key. A speaker may therefore render his voice louder, without altering the key: and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of sound, to that pitch of voice to which in conversation we are accustomed.

By the habit of reading, when young, in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key; and is rendered incapable of that variety of elevation and depression

which constitutes the true harmony of utterance, and affords ease to the reader, and pleasure to the audience. This unnatural pitch of the voice, and disagreeable monotony, are most observable in persons who are taught to read in large rooms; who were accustomed to stand at too great a distance when reading to their teachers; whose instructors were very imperfect in their hearing; or who were taught by persons who considered loud expression as the chief requisite in forming a good reader. These are circumstances, which demand the serious attention of every one to whom the education of youth is committed.

DISTINCTION.

In the next place to being well heard and clearly understood, distinctness of articulation contributes more than mere loudness of sound. The quantity of sound necessary to fill even a large space, is smaller than is commonly imagined; and, with distinct articulation, a person with a weak voice will make it reach further than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters, its due proportion; and make every syllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly; without slurring, whispering, or suppressing, any of the proper sounds.

An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that if the learner's attainments are, in this respect, imperfect, (and many there are in this situation,) it will be incumbent on his teacher to carry him back to these primary articulations; and to suspend his progress, till he become perfectly master of them. It will be in vain to press him forward, with the hope of forming a good reader, if he cannot completely articulate every elementary sound of the language.

DUE DEGREE OF SLOWNESS.

In order to express ourselves distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless, drawling manner of reading, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common; and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied by all who wish to become good readers; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows the reader more easily to make; and it enables the reader to swell all his sound, both with more force and more harmony.

PROPRIETY OF PRONUNCIATION.

After the fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of slowness of speech, what the young reader must, in the next place, study, is propriety of pronunciation; or, giving to every word which he utters, that sound which the best usage of the language appropriates to it; in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite both for reading intelligibly, and for reading with correctness and ease. Instructions concerning this article may be best given by the living teacher. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The accents rest sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. The genius of the language requires the voice to mark that syllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper seats of these accents, it is an important rule, to give every word just the same accent in reading, as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they read to others, and with solemnity, they pronounce the syllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the same words; from a mistaken notion that it gives gravity and importance to their subject, and adds to the energy of their delivery.

EMPHASIS.

By emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller sound of voice, by which we distinguish some word or words, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphatic words must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a particular stress. On the right management of the emphasis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly.

Emphasis may be divided into the *superior* and the *inferior* emphasis. The superior emphasis determines the meaning of a sentence, with reference to something said before, presupposed by the author as general knowledge, or it removes an ambiguity, where a passage may have more senses than one. The inferior emphasis *enforces*, *graces*, and *enlivens*, but does not *fix*, the meaning of any passage. The words to which this latter emphasis is given, are in general, such as seem the most important in the sentence, or on other accounts, to merit the distinction. The following passage will serve to exemplify the superior emphasis:

“ Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
 “ Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 “ Brought death into the world, and all our wo,” &c.
 “ Sing, heavenly Muse!”

Supposing that originally other beings besides men, had disobeyed the commands of the Almighty, and that the circumstance were

well known to us, there would fall an emphasis upon the word *man's* in the first line; and hence, it would read thus:

“Of *man's* first disobedience, and the fruit,” &c

But if it were a notorious truth, that mankind had transgressed in a peculiar manner, more than once, the emphasis would fall on *first*, and the line be read,

“Of man's *first* disobedience,” &c.

Again, admitting death (as was really the case) to have been an unheard of and dreadful punishment, brought upon man in consequence of his transgression; on that supposition the third line would be read,

“Brought *death* into the world,” &c.

But if we were to suppose, that mankind knew there was such an evil as death in other regions, though the place they inhabited had been free from it till their transgression, the line would run thus:

“Brought death into the *world*,” &c.

The superior emphasis finds place in the following short sentence, which admits of four distinct meanings, each of which is ascertained by the emphasis only,

“Do you ride to town to-day?”

The superior emphasis, in reading as in speaking, must be determined entirely by the *sense* of the passage, and always made *alike*; but as to the inferior emphasis, *taste* alone seems to have the right of fixing its situation and quantity.

As emphasis often falls on words in different parts of the same sentence, so it is frequently required to be continued, with a little variation, on two, and sometimes more words together. The following sentences exemplify both the parts of this position: “If you seek to make one “rich, study not to *increase his stores*, but to *diminish his desires*.” “The Mexican figures, or picture-writing, represent *things* not *words*; “they exhibit *images to the eye*, not *ideas to the understanding*.”

Some sentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical: as, “Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!” or as the pathetic expostulation in the prophecy of Ezekiel, “Why will ye die!”

Emphasis, besides its other offices, is the great regulator of quantity. Though the quantity of our syllables is fixed, in words separately pronounced, yet it is mutable, when these words are arranged in sentences; the long being changed into short, the short into long, according to the importance of the word with regard to meaning. Emphasis also, in particular cases, alters the seat of the accent. This is demonstrable from the following examples: “He shall *increase*, but I shall *decrease*.” “There is a difference between giving and *forgiving*.” “In this species of composition, *plausibility* is much more essential than *probability*.” In these examples, the emphasis requires the accent to be placed on syllables to which it does not commonly belong.

In order to acquire a proper management of the emphasis, the great rule to be given is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiment which he is to pronounce. To lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the most decisive trials of true and just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others.

There is one error, against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and using the emphasis indiscriminately. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in the use of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a reader attempts to render every thing he expresses, of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphasis, we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters: which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

TONES.

Tones are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the notes or variations of sound which we employ, in the expression of our sentiments. Emphasis affects particular words and phrases, with a degree of tone, or inflection of voice; but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes the whole of a discourse.

To show the use and necessity of tones, we need only observe, that the mind, in communicating its ideas, is in a constant state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas produce in the speaker.

The limits of this introduction do not admit of examples, to illustrate the variety of tones belonging to the different passions and emotions. We shall, however, select one, which is extracted from the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, and which will, in some degree, elucidate what has been said on this subject. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away; the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." The first of these divisions, expresses sorrow and lamentation; therefore the note is low. The next contains a spirited command, and should be pronounced much higher. The other sentence, in which he makes a pathetic address to the mountains where his friends had been slain, must be expressed in a note quite different from the two former; not so low as the first, nor so high as the second, but in a manly, firm, and yet plaintive tone.

Moderation in attention to the tone and language of emotions, is necessary as in other things. For when the reading becomes strictly imitative, it assumes a theatrical manner, and must be highly improper, as well as give offence to the hearers; because it is inconsistent with that delicacy and modesty which are indispensible on such occasions. The speaker who delivers his own emotions, must be supposed to be more vivid and animated than would be proper in the person who relates them at second hand.

We shall conclude this section with the following rule, for the tones that indicate the passions and emotions: "In reading, let all your tones of expression be borrowed from those of common speech, but, in some degree, more faintly characterized. Let those tones which signify any disagreeable passion of the mind, be still more faint than those which indicate agreeable emotions; and, on all occasions, preserve yourselves from being so far affected with the subject, as to be unable to proceed through it, with that easy and masterly manner, which has its good effects in this, as well as in every other art."

PAUSES.

Pauses, or rests, in speaking or reading, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and in many cases, a measurable space of time. Pauses are equally necessary to the speaker and the hearer. To the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech which otherwise would be soon tired by continual action; to the hearer, that the ear, also, may be relieved from the fatigue it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound; and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

There are two kinds of pauses: first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is generally made *after* something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we desire to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, *before* such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis; and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution of not repeating them too frequently. For as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the reader to draw his breath; and the proper and delicate adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles of delivery. In all reading, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to oblige us to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connexion, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one,

while he is reading, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is suspended only for a moment; and, by this management, one may always have a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

Pauses in reading must be generally formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation; and not upon the stiff artificial manner, which is acquired from reading books according to the common punctuation. It will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses that ought to be made in reading. On this head, the following direction may be of use: "Though in reading, great attention should be paid to the stops, yet a greater should be given to the sense; and their correspondent times occasionally lengthened beyond what is usual in common speech."

To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated, much more than by the length of them, which can seldom be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the sentence to be finished. In all these cases, we are to regulate ourselves by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to speak, when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others. The following sentence exemplifies the *suspending* and the *closing* pauses: "Hope, the balm of life, soothes us under every misfortune." The first and second pauses are accompanied by an inflection of voice, that gives the hearer an expectation of something further to complete the sense: the inflection attending the third pause signifies that the sense is completed.

The preceding example is an illustration of the suspending pause, in its simple state: the following instance exhibits that pause with a degree of cadence in the voice: "If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them."

The rising and falling inflections must not be confounded with emphasis. Though they may often coincide, they are, in their nature, perfectly distinct. Emphasis sometimes controls those inflections.

The regular application of the rising and falling inflections, confers so much beauty on expression, and is so necessary to be studied by the young reader, that we shall insert a few more examples, to induce him to pay greater attention to the subject. In these instances, all the inflections are not marked. Such only are distinguished, as are most striking, and will best serve to show the reader their utility and importance.

"Manufactures', trade', and agriculture', certainly employ more than nineteen parts in twenty of the human species."

"He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy', hatred',

malice', anger'; but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are, in their very nature, disappointing, is in constant search of care', solicitude', remorse', and confusion'."

"To advise the ignorant', relieve the needy', comfort the afflicted', are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives."

"Those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted habits of lust' and sensuality'; malice', and revenge'; an aversion to every thing that is good', just', and laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery."

"I am persuaded that neither death', nor life'; nor angels', nor principalities', nor powers'; nor things present', nor things to come'; nor height', nor depth'; nor any other creature', shall be able to separate us from the love of God'."

The reader who would wish to see a minute and ingenious investigation of the nature of these inflections, and the rules by which they are governed, may consult Walker's Elements of Elocution.

MANNER OF READING VERSE.

When we are reading verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own: and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the melody of verse: one is the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the cæsural pause in or near the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible; and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In respect to blank verse, we ought also to read it so as to make every line sensible to the ear; for, what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers, by omitting the final pause; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose?

The other kind of melodious pause, is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs; a pause not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæsural pause, may fall, in English heroic verse, after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllable in the line. Where the verse is so constructed, that this cæsural pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two first verses of Pope's Messiah:

"Ye nymphs of Solyma"! begin the song;

"To heav'ly themes", sublimer strains belong."

But if it should happen that words which have so strict and intimate a connection, as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this cæsural pause, we then feel a sort of strug-

gle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines harmoniously. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases, is to regard only the pause which the sense forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the *caesural* pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse, if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following lines of Milton:

—“What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.”

The sense clearly dictates the pause after *illumine*, at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, *illumine* should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the fourth or sixth syllable. So in the following line of Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

“I sit, with sad civility I read.”

The ear plainly points out the *caesural* pause as falling after *sad*, the fourth syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate *sad* and *civility*. The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable *sit*, which therefore must be the only pause made in reading this part of the sentence.

There is another mode of dividing some verses, by introducing what may be called *demi-caesuras*, which require very slight pauses, and which the reader should manage with judgment, or he will be apt to fall into an affected sing-song mode of pronouncing verses of this kind. The following lines exemplify the *demi-caesura*:

“Warms' in the sun”, refreshes' in the breeze,
Glows' in the stars”, and blossoms' in the trees;
Lives' through all life”, extends' through all extent,
Spreads' undivided”, operates' unspent.”

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Acquire a compass and variety in the Height of your Voice.—The monotony so much complained of in public speakers, is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They generally content themselves with one certain key which they employ on all occasions, and on every subject; or if they attempt variety it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the places in which they speak; imagining, that speaking in a high key is the same thing as speaking loud; and not observing, that whether a speaker shall be heard or not, depends more upon the distinctness and force with which he utters his words, than upon the height, at which he pitches his voice.

But it is an essential qualification of a good speaker to be able to alter the height, as well as the strength and the tone of his voice, as occasion requires. Different species of speaking require different heights of voice. Nature instructs us to relate a story, to support an argument, to command a servant, to utter exclamations of

anger or rage, and to pour forth lamentations and sorrows not only with different tones, but different elevations of voice. Men at different ages of life, and in different situations, speak in very different keys. The vagrant when he begs; the soldier when he gives the word of command; the watchman, when he announces the hour of the night; the sovereign, when he issues his edict; the senator, when he harangues; the lover, when he whispers his tender tale, do not differ more in the tones which they use, than in the key in which they speak. Reading and speaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expression in real life are copied, must have continued variations in the height of the voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key on which you speak, at pleasure, accustom yourself to pitch your voice in different keys, from the lowest to the highest notes you command. Many of those would neither be proper nor agreeable in speaking; but the exercise will give you such a command of voice, as is scarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated the experiment till you can speak with ease at several heights of the voice; read, as exercises, on this rule, such compositions as have a variety of speakers, on such as relate dialogues, observing the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavouring to change them as nature directs.

Pronounce every word consisting of more than one syllable with its proper Accent.—There is necessity for this direction, because many speakers have affected an unusual and pedantic mode of accenting words, laying it down as a rule, that the accent should be cast as far backwards as possible; a rule which has no foundation in the construction of the English language, or in the laws of harmony. In accenting words, the general custom and a good ear are the best guides. Only it may be observed that accent should be regulated, not by any arbitrary rules of quantity, or by the false idea that there are only two lengths in syllables, and that two short syllables are always equal to one long, but by the number and nature of the simple sounds.

Accompany the Emotions and Passions which your words express, by correspondent tones, looks and gestures.—There is the language of emotions and passions, as well as of ideas. To express the former is the peculiar province of words; to express the latter, nature teaches us to make use of tones, looks and gestures.—When anger, fear, joy, grief, love, or any other active passion arises in our minds, we naturally discover it by the particular manner in which we utter our words; by the features of the countenance, and by other well known signs. And even when we speak without any of the more violent emotions, some kind of feeling usually accompanies our words, and this, whatever it be, hath its proper external expression. Expression indeed hath been so little studied in public speaking, that we seem almost to have forgotten the language of nature, and are ready to consider every attempt to recover it, as the laboured and affected effort of art. But nature is always the same; and every judicious imitation of it will always be pleasing. Nor can any one

deserve the appellation of a good speaker, much less of a orator, till to distinct articulation, a good command of voice, and emphasis, he is able to add the various expressions of emotion and passion.

To enumerate these expressions, and describe them in all their relations is impracticable. Attempts have been made with some success to analyze the language of ideas; but the language of sentiment and emotion has never yet been analyzed; and perhaps is not within the reach of human ability, to write a philosophical grammar of passions. Or if it were possible in any degree to execute this design, I cannot think, that from such a grammar it would be possible for any one to instruct himself in the use of the language. All efforts therefore to make men orators by describing to them in what manner in which their voice, countenance, and hands are employed, in expressing the passions, must, in my apprehension, be weak and ineffectual. And, perhaps, the only instruction which can be given with advantage on this head, is this general one: Observe in what manner the several emotions or passions are expressed in real life, or by those who have with great labour and taste acquired a power of imitating nature; and accustom yourself either to follow the great original itself, or the best copies you meet with, always however, "with this special observance, that you overstep no bounds of modesty of nature."

In the application of these rules to practice, in order to acquire just and graceful elocution, it will be necessary to go through a regular course of exercises; beginning with such as are most easy, proceeding by slow steps to such as are most difficult. In the choice of these, the practitioner should pay a particular attention to his prevailing defects, whether they regard articulation, command of voice, emphasis or cadence: And he should content himself with reading and speaking with an immediate view to the correcting of his fundamental faults, before he aims at any thing higher. This may be slow and disagreeable; it may require much patience and resolution; but it is the only way to succeed. For if a man cannot read a sentence, or plain narrative, or didactic pieces, with distinct articulation, just emphasis, and proper tones, how can he expect justice to the sublime descriptions of poetry, or the animated language of the passions?

In performing these exercises, the learner should daily read to himself, and as often as he has an opportunity, under the direction of an instructor or friend. He should also frequently recite compositions *memoriter*. This method has several advantages: It obliges the speaker to dwell upon the idea which he is to express, and thereby enables him to discern their particular meaning and force, and give him a previous knowledge of the several inflections, emphasis and tones which the words require. And by taking his eyes off the book, it in part relieves him from the influence of the school habit of reading in a different key and tone from that of conversation; and gives him greater liberty to attempt the expression of countenance and gesture.

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ACADEMICAL READER.

THE subjoined Narrative exhibits Religion in the light of a *feeling*, not as a *system*, as appealing to the sentiments of the heart, not to the disquisitions of the head, and is, therefore, not only admissible into a work of this description, but (in the opinion of the Compiler) worthy of the prominent place it occupies.

It contains much of that picturesque description, and of that power of awakening the tender feelings, which so remarkably distinguishes the composition of the gentleman whose writings have been so often read with pleasure.

NOTE [The interest of the literary reader will be greatly increased when informed that an impression has obtained, in some of the polite circles, that the Philosopher mentioned, was the celebrated David Hume, Esq.]

H.



LESSON I.

La Roche.

1. More than forty years ago, an English Philosopher, whose works have since been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in his retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement, highly favourable to the development of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

2. Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as the Philosopher's, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial, and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter.

3. Our Philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his man-

ners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

4. One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations, which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized, in the night, with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn, where they lodged, feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress as by that which it caused to his daughter.

5. Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his housekeeper to the sick man's apartment. 'Twas the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. The Philosopher was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joists not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.

6. On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. The Philosopher and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.

7. "Miss!" said the old woman, at last, in a soft tone.— She turned and showed one of the finest faces in the world. It was touched, not spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas sweetness all, however, and our Philosopher felt it strongly.

8. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. "Monsieur lies miserably ill here," said the housekeeper; "if he could possibly be moved any

where."—"If he could be moved to our house," said her master. He had a spare bed for a friend, and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the housekeeper's. It was contrived accordingly.

9. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome, and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little, and nature did much for him; in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.



LESSON II.

The same continued

1. By this time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness, for which, travelling had been prescribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

2. He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in. The Philosopher, though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others. His housekeeper joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery.

3. The Philosopher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. "My master," said the old woman, "alas! he is not a Christian; but he is the best of unbelievers."—"Not a Christian!"—exclaimed Miss La Roche, "yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for 't; I would he were a Christian!"

4. "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," said her father, "which often blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation; hence opposers of Christianity are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as among those

of dissipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes I have known the latter more easily converted to the true faith than the former, because the fume of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist of false theory and delusive speculation."

5. "But our host," said his daughter, "alas! my father, he shall be a Christian before he dies."—She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—He took her hand with an air of kindness:—She drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room.

6. "I have been thanking God," said the good La Roche, "for my recovery." "That is right," replied his host— "I would not wish," continued the old man, hesitatingly, "to think otherwise; did I not look up with gratitude to that Being, I should barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continuation of life, which, it may be, is not a real good.

7. "Alas! I may live to wish I had died, that you had left me to die, Sir, instead of kindly relieving me;" he clasped the Philosopher's hand; "but, when I look on this renovated being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude and love to him; it is prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a pleasure, and regards every breach of it, not with disapprobation, but with horror."

8. "You say right, my dear Sir," replied the Philosopher; "but you are not yet re-established enough to talk much—you must take care of your health, and neither study nor preach for some time. I have been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-day, when you mentioned your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and you into that country.—I will help to take care of you by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I hold myself responsible for your cure."

9. La Roche's eyes glistened at the proposal, his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their host—not, perhaps, the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard for him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

LESSON III.

The same continued,

1. They travelled by short stages; for the Philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived.

2. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to assume. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

3. On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Miss La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

4. After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was situated in one of those valleys of the canton of Berne, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has enclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible. A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house, and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of La Roche's church, rising above a clump of beeches.

5. The Philosopher enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent;

his daughter sobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The Philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

6. They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to his house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard. They made some attempts of condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. “It has pleased God”—said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

7. It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven, and the hour was followed by a particular chimie. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest.

8. “That is the signal,” said he, “for our evening exercise; this is one of the nights of the week in which some of my parishioners are wont to join in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of our family, and such of the good people as are with us;—if you choose rather to walk out, I will furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old books that may afford you some entertainment within.” “By no means,” answered the Philosopher; “I will attend Miss La Roche at her devotions.”

9. “She is our organist,” said La Roche; “our neighbourhood is the country of musical mechanism: and I have a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting our singing.”—“Tis an additional inducement,” replied the other; and they walked into the room together. At the end stood the organ mentioned by La Roche; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside, and placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close, so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree.

LESSON IV.

The same continued.

1. The Philosopher was no musician, but he was not altogether insensible to music; this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined; the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.—The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused, it ceased;—and the sobbing of Miss La Roche was heard in its stead.

2. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved, and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the Philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

3. La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory, and his guest was averse to disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either; yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fullness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it.

4. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awoke them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. “Our Father which art in heaven!” might the good man say—for he felt it—and all mankind were his brethren.

5. “You regret, my friend,” said he to the Philosopher, “when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite pleasure derived from music, you regret your want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is a department of soul, you say, which nature has almost denied you, which, from the effects you see it have on others, you are sure must be highly delightful.—Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way, an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or

enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all.

6. "The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me—and I have had my share—it confers a dignity on my affliction,—so lifts me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!"—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sunshine of his belief.

7. His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy. Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to dissertation. With La Roche and his daughter, it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was equality, or alternate advantage, among the speakers, were the subjects on which they talked.

8. Their hours too of riding and walking were many, in which the Philosopher, as a stranger, was shown the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little expeditions to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects.

9. Our Philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and productions. La Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid—"They are not seen in Flanders!" said Miss La Roche, with a sigh. "That's an odd remark," said the Philosopher, smiling.—She blushed, and he inquired no farther.

10. 'Twas with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

LESSON V.

The same continued.

1. About three years after, our Philosopher was on a visit at Geneva; the promise he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach, too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past.

2. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence, either of his friends or of his enemies; when the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered, as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then his fixed residence.

3. It contained a gentle complaint of the Philosopher's want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Miss La Roche, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable disposition, and respectable character.

4. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation, he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

5. Our Philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Miss La Roche's marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen, and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—

After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

6. On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter, in which La Roche resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himself at last in view of the lake, which, as I have before described, was in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake, and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then was.

7. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

8. On the Philosopher's making inquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, "then you knew not Miss La Roche, Sir?—you never beheld a lovelier"—"La Roche?" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was she indeed!"—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.

9. He came up closer to the Philosopher; "I perceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Miss La Roche."—"Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how—where did she die?—Where is her father?"—She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; the young gentleman to whom she was soon to have been married, was killed in a duel by a French officer, his intimate companion, to whom, before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest favours.

10. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often told us a Christian should; he is even so composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is the custom with us on such occasions: follow me, Sir, and you shall hear him,"—He followed the man without answering

LESSON VI.

The same continued.

1. The Church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught them ever to bless and to revere. La Roche sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes, half-closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

2. The music ceased;—La Roche sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. The Philosopher was not less affected than they. La Roche arose.—“Father of Mercies!” said he, “forgive these tears; assist thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the souls of thy people!—My friends! it is good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but in the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! Well saith the sacred book, “Trust in the Lord: at all times trust in the Lord.”

3. “When every other support fails us, when the fountains of worldly comfort are dried up, let us then seek those living waters which flow from the throne of God.—’Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling, without which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.

4. “I will not bid you be insensible, my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would, (his tears flowed afresh) I feel too much myself, and I am not ashamed of my feelings; but, therefore, may I the more willingly be heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength, to speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, but with these tears; not from speculation, but from experience,—that while you see me suffer, you may know also my consolation.

5. “You behold the mourner of his only child, the last earthly stay and blessing of his declining years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, because they were exerted to-

wards myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and happy:—ye who are parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye will judge of my affliction now.

6. “But I look towards him who struck me; I see the hand of a father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh! could I make you feel what it is to pour out the heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose hands are life and death, on whose power awaits all that the first enjoys, and in contemplation of whom disappears all that the last can inflict!

7. “For we are not as those who die without hope; we know that our Redeemer liveth—that we shall live with him, with our friends his servants, in that blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and happiness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then, mourn not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little while, and we shall meet again, never to be separated.—But ye are also my children: would ye that I should not grieve without comfort? So live as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it may be the death of the righteous, and your latter end like his.”

8. Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope. The Philosopher followed him into his house.—The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him, the scene they last met in rushed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears.

9. The other was equally affected; they went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open: La Roche started back at the sight: “Oh! my friend!” said he, and his tears burst forth again. The Philosopher had now recollected himself; he stept forward, and drew the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears, and taking his friend’s hand, “You see my weakness,” said he, “’tis the weakness of humanity; but my comfort is not, therefore, lost.”

10. “I heard you,” said the other, “in the pulpit; I rejoice that such consolation is your’s.”—“It is, my friend,” said he, “and I trust I shall ever hold it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let them think of what importance religion is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if

they cannot restore our happiness, let them not take away the solace of our affliction."

11. The Philosopher's heart was smitten; and I have heard him, long after, confess that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wished that he had never doubted.

MACKENZIE.

June 12, 1779.

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LESSON VII.

Hagar in the Wilderness.

1. The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds With a strange beauty. Earth received again Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves, And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers And every thing that bendeth to the dew, And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.
2. All things are dark to sorrow; and the light, And melody, and fragrant air, were sad To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth Was pouring odours from its spicy pores, And the young birds were carolling as life Were a new thing to them; but oh! it came Upon her heart like discord, and she felt How cruelly it tries a broken heart, To see a mirth in any thing it loves.
3. She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed Till the blood left them; and the wandering veins Of her transparent forehead were swelled out As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven, Which made its language legible, shot back From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
4. Her noble boy stood by her with his hand Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet, Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor, Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up Into his mother's face, until he caught

The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
 Beneath his snowy bosom, and his form
 Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
 As if his light proportions would have swelled,
 Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

5. Why bends the patriarch, as he cometh now,
 Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
 Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
 So written with the converse of his God,
 Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
 His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
 Of vigour is not there; and, though the morn
 Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
 Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
6. Oh! man may bear with suffering; his heart
 Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the grasp
 Of pain that wrings mortality: but tear
 One chord affection clings to, break one tie
 That binds him to a woman's delicate love,
 And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.
7. He gave to her the water and the bread,
 But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
 To look upon her face, but laid his hand
 In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
 And left her to her lot of loneliness.
 Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
 And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
 Bend lightly to her tendencies again?
8. Oh no! by all her loveliness,—by all
 That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
 Make her a slave—steal from her rosy cheek
 By needless jealousies—let the last star
 Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain—
 Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
 That makes her cup a bitterness,—yet give
 One evidence of love, and earth has not
 An emblem of devotedness like hers.
9. But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
 By wrong or silence, any thing that tells
 A change has come upon your tenderness,
 And there is not a high thing out of heaven
 Her pride o'ermastereth not.

LESSON VIII.

The same continued.

1. She went her way with a strong step, and slow;
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As it had been a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
2. The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water—but she could not give it him.
3. She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him.
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
4. She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die,—and watching him she mourned:
5. “ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy!
I cannot see thee die; I cannot brook
Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?

6. "I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers,—
 Or wearing rosy hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,—
 Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep:—

7. "Oh not and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the deep Nile,—
 How prayed I that my fathers' land might be
 A heritage for thee.

8. "And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
 And oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
 How can I leave my boy, so pillow'd there
 Upon his clustering hair!"

9. She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

WILLIS.



LESSON IX.

The Chinese Prisoner.

1. A certain emperor of China, on his accession to the throne of his ancestors, commanded a general release of all those who were confined in prison for debt. Amongst that number was an old man, who had fallen an early victim to adversity, and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual circuit of more than fifty suns.

2. With trembling limbs and faltering steps, he departed from his mansion of sorrow: his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of the light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The jail in which he had

been imprisoned, stood at some distance from Pekin, and to that city he directed his course, impatient to enjoy the caresses of his wife, his children, and his friends.

3. Having with difficulty found his way to the street in which his decent mansion had formerly stood, his heart became more and more elated at every step he advanced. With joy he proceeded, looking eagerly around; but he observed few of the objects with which he had been formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited; the dwellings of his neighbours had assumed a new form; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least remembrance.

4. An aged beggar, who with trembling knees stood at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent domestic who guarded it, struck his attention. He stopped, therefore, to give him a small pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor, and received, in return, the sad tidings, that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in distant or unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends.

5. Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and casting himself at the feet of the emperor, "Great Prince," he cried, "Send me back to that prison from which mistaken mercy has delivered me! I have survived my family and friends, and even in the midst of this populous city I find myself in a dreary solitude."

6. "The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazes at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was the less sensible of the loss of its enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasure in which I cannot participate; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me."

PERCIVAL.

LESSON X.

The Cottage Family.

1. In the month of May, when Nature had just assumed a pleasing aspect, and adorned herself with wreaths of flowers, I took a tour in the country. On a delightful evening, when the sun, weary with his journey, was about to plunge himself in the western ocean, a walk was proposed. A mild zephyr was playing on the surface of the wheat fields, whose pliant tops gently yielded to its touch.

2. The trees, too, expressed assent to its breathing, by waving their tender boughs and new-formed leaves. All nature appeared in a happy mood. We entered a vast plain covered with beautiful herbage, on which were grazing several flocks of sheep. In the progress of our amusing ramble, we arrived at an enchanting grove.

3. At the border of the wood, on the brink of a small hill, I espied a path leading through a lively glen, whose banks were decorated with ivy. Wrapt in meditation, I pursued the windings of this charming vale, and listened to the streamlet rippling over its pebbly bed, till I imperceptibly lost my companions. However, strolling along, I came to a lofty hill, which, with considerable difficulty, I ascended.

4. Not far from its summit, I discovered a small cottage, situated in a little cluster of oaks, close to the side of a brook. The neatness of its white-washed front, and jasmine-covered roof, attracted my attention. Coming near this little habitation of cleanliness, and being thirsty, I stepped towards the door, and addressing myself to a little girl standing on the threshold, asked for a drink of water.

5. The child, without saying a word, ran hastily to her mother, who was working in their garden, and cried out, "mother, there is a man at the house who wants some water." The good woman came bustling along, and with a welcoming smile, and polite courtsey, said, "walk in, sir, and I will have some water brought." I complied, and was comfortably seated on a clean block, which served for a chair.

6. Her little daughter Mary, tripped to the spring, and speedily returned with a pitcher of delightful water. The

freeness of her manners, and openness of her countenance, emboldened me to enter into a very interesting conversation. We had been talking some time, and presently heard little Mary cry out, "mother, yester comes father." I raised my eyes, and saw a pertly, healthy looking man, coming up to the door, with the smile of contentment on his brow.

7. After the customary salutations had passed between us, we commenced talking of the beauties of Spring, and the enjoyments of retired life. The farther we proceeded in conversation, the more his noble heart expanded. Forgetting I was a stranger, his fears were not roused, but freely communicated his sentiments with simplicity and warmth. Speaking of Christianity, he remarked, "she is the guardian of true happiness and consummate felicity."

8. "The first time," continued he, "I was convinced of my sinful state, was by the preaching of a Moravian. His description of the fall was so pathetic, and his arguments to establish the reality of its lamentable effects, were so conclusive and weighty, that I could not disbelieve the mournful truth, 'man is fallen.' I was now convinced that sin flowed through every vein of my heart, that I imbibed it at my mother's breast, and that it had infected every moral feeling of my soul.

9. "Clouds of darkness enveloped my affrighted conscience; I returned home, retired to my chamber, kneeled down, and attempted to pray, but all to no purpose. In this condition, I continued for three months. However, one day, when my misery was almost intolerable, I rushed into a wood trying to find relief; after roving about for some hours, I threw myself on the earth, and cried in the agony of hopeless distress, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

10. "That moment the angel of mercy descended, and releasing me from the prison of guilt, in which I had been so long incarcerated, gave me the seal of gracious freedom. I leaped from the ground, hastened home and told my dear wife I had 'found him my soul desired to love.'—This deliverance from the oppression of sin, became a happy support in the affliction which succeeded.

11. "My landlord demanded an increase of rent; and knowing it was impossible for me to live under such exorbitant land rent, I determined to migrate to North America. Accordingly, having made every necessary arrangement, I left England, in hope of finding an asylum in the United

States. I arrived here, and purchasing this small tract of land, built this little cottage, in which I have lived in contentment, never forgetting the cheering promises of God, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.'

12. "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet your heavenly father clotheth them." The Bible, that invaluable book, is my solace; the life of my soul; the star that directs me through the boisterous ocean of transitory existence to the throne of God.

13. "Whenever the tear of sorrow trickles down my cheek, I open this treasury of glorious and soul cheering promises, and find a balm for every wound of my soul. No change of fortune I hope will ever weaken my faith in God's word. He feeds the young ravens when they cry, and he will answer the voice of my prayer if it be agreeable to his revealed will."

14. He stopped, and gave way to the overflowings of his joy. We had been drawn into so pleasant and happy a train of thought, that each one remained in silent admiration of the mercies of God. When the emotions of my bosom had subsided, and fellow feeling assumed its proper tone, perceiving the evening star above the horizon, I took my hat, thanked them for their kindness, prayed a blessing upon them, and departed.

15. As I walked homeward, my mind contemplated with particular delight the firm character of this cottager's faith and the purity of his religious creed. The riches of the world, thought I, are trash indeed, compared with the wealth of this good man. With these meditations I retired to my bed, praying God to grant me the religion of this cottager.

W. H. BORDLEY.



LESSON XI.

Death of a Friend.

1. There is a sort of delight which is alternately mixed with terror and sorrow, in the contemplation of death. The soul has its curiosity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its thoughts upon the subject of such who have behaved themselves with an equal, a resigned, a cheerful, a generous, or heroic temper in that extremity.

2. We are affected with these respective manners of behaviour, as we secretly believe the part of the dying person imitable by ourselves, or such as we imagine ourselves more particularly capable of. Men of exalted minds march before us like princes, and are, to the ordinary race of mankind, rather subjects for their admiration than example.

3. Innocent men who have suffered as criminals, though they were benefactors to human society, seem to be persons of the highest distinction amongst the vastly great number of human race, the dead. When the iniquity of the times brought Socrates to his execution, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unsupported by any thing but the testimony of his own conscience and conjectures of hereafter, receive the poison with an air of cheerfulness and good humour; and as if going on an agreeable journey, bespeak some deity to make it fortunate!

4. When Phocion's good actions had met with the like reward from his country, and he was led to death, with many others of his friends, they bewailing their fate, he walking composedly towards the place of execution, how gracefully does he support his illustrious character to the very last instant! One of the rabble spitting at him as he passed, with his usual authority he called to know if no one was ready to teach this fellow how to behave himself.

5. When a poor spirited creature that died at the same time bemoaned himself unmanfully, he rebuked him with this question, Is it no consolation to such a man as thou art to die with Phocion? At the instant when he was to die, they asked what commands he had for his son: he answered, to forget this injury of the Athenians. Nicles, his friend, under the same sentence, desired he might drink the potion before him; Phocion said, because he never had denied him any thing he would not even this, the most difficult request he had ever made.

6. These instances were very noble and great, and the reflections of those sublime spirits had made death to them what it is really intended to be by the author of nature, a relief from a various being ever subject to sorrows and difficulties.

7. Epaminondas, the Theban general, having received in fight a mortal stab with a sword which was left in his body, lay in that posture until he had intelligence that his troops had obtained the victory, and then permitted it to be

drawn out, at which instant he expressed himself in this manner, "This is not the end of my life, my fellow-soldiers; it is now your Epaminondas is born, who dies in so much glory."

8. It were an endless labour to collect the accounts with which all ages have filled the world of noble and heroic minds that have resigned this being, as if the termination of life were but an ordinary occurrence of it.

9. This common-place way of thinking I fell into from an awkward endeavour to throw off a real and fresh affliction, by turning over books in a melancholy mood; but it is not easy to remove griefs which touch the heart, by applying remedies which only entertain the imagination. As therefore this paper is to consist of any thing which concerns human life, I cannot help letting the present subject regard what has been the last object of my eyes, though an entertainment of sorrow.

10. I went this evening to visit a friend, with a design to rally him upon a story I had heard of his intending to steal a marriage without the privity of us his intimate friends and acquaintance. I came into his apartment with that intimacy which I have done for very many years, and walked directly into his bed-chamber, where I found my friend in the agonies of death.

11. What could I do? The innocent mirth in my thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least knowledge of my sorrow, or any pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my soliloquy, as I stood by his mother, dumb with the weight of grief for a son who was her honour and her comfort, and never until that hour since his birth had been an occasion of a moment's sorrow to her.

12. "How surprising is this change! from the possession of vigorous life and strength, to be reduced in a few hours to this fatal extremity! Those lips which look so pale and livid, within these few days gave delight to all who heard their utterance; it was the business, the purpose of his being, next to obeying him to whom he is going, to please and instruct, and that for no other end but to please and instruct.

13. "Kindness was the motive of his actions, and with all the capacity requisite for making a figure in a conten

tions world, moderation, good nature, affability, temperance, and chastity, were the arts of his excellent life. There, as he lies in helpless agony, no wise man who knew him so well as I, but would resign all the world can bestow to be so near the end of such a life.

14. "Why does my heart so little obey my reason as to lament thee, thou excellent man? Heaven receive him or restore him! Thy beloved mother, thy obliged friends, thy helpless servants, stand around thee without distinction. How much wouldest thou, hadst thou thy senses, say to each of us?"

15. "But now that good heart bursts, and he is at rest. Where are now thy plans of justice, of truth, of honour? Of what use the volumes thou hast collated, the arguments thou hast invented, the examples thou hast followed?"

16. "Poor were the expectations of the studious, the modest, and the good, if the reward of their labours were only to be expected from man. No, my friend, thy intended pleadings, thy intended good offices to thy friends, thy intended services to thy country, are already performed, as to thy concern in them, in his sight before whom the past, present, and future, appear at one view."

17. "While others, with thy talents, were tormented with ambition, with vain-glory, with envy, with emulation, how well didst thou turn thy mind to its own improvement, in things out of the power of fortune; in probity, in integrity, in the practice and study of justice, how silent thy passage, how private thy journey, how glorious thy end! many have I known more famous, some more knowing, not one so innocent."

ADDISON.



LESSON XII.

The Rainbow.

1. The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the
breeze,
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.
2. For the Queen of the Spring, as she pass'd down the
vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;

And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flush in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

3. The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith, and east.

4. We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;—
'Twas not like the Sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the Moon, that rolls nightly through star-light and blue.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of a storm!
And the eye and the heart hail'd its beautiful form.

5. For it look'd not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of brightness illumed its dark path.
In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

6. 'Twas the bow of Omnipotence; bent in His hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the Universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood to the exit of Time!

7. Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightnings his steeds,
The black clouds his banner of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world;—
In the breath of His presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew
the plain,

And vultures, and wolves, are the graves of the slain.

8. Not such was the Rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone—the Sun;
A pavilion it seem'd which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there, and embraced;
Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanish'd, or Hope had expired.

9. I gazed not alone on the source of my song;
To all who beheld it these verses belong;

Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
 Each full heart expanded,—grew warm, and adored!

10. Like a visit—the converse of friends—or a day,
 That bow from my sight passed for ever away:
 Like that visit, that converse, that day—to my heart,
 That bow from remembrance can never depart.

11. 'Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
 With the strong and unperishing colours of mind:
 A part of my being beyond my control,
 Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

CAMPBELL.

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LESSON XIII.

The truth of Christianity, proved from the conversion of the Apostle Paul.

1. The conversion of St. Paul, with all its attendant circumstances, furnishes one of the most satisfactory proofs, that have ever been given, of the Divine origin of our holy religion. That this eminent person, from being a zealous persecutor of the disciples of Christ, became all at once, a disciple himself, is a fact which cannot be controverted, without overturning the credit of all history.

2. He must, therefore, have been converted in the miraculous manner alleged by himself, and of course the Christian religion be a Divine revelation: or he must have been an impostor, an enthusiast, or a dupe to the fraud of others. There is not another alternative possible.

3. If he was an impostor, who declared what he knew to be false, he must have been induced to act that part, by some motive. But the only conceivable motives for religious imposture, are the hopes of advancing one's temporal interest, credit or power; or the prospect of gratifying some passion or appetite, under the authority of the new religion.

4. That none of these should be St. Paul's motives for professing the faith of Christ crucified, is plain from the state of Judaism and Christianity, at the period of his forsaking the former, and embracing the latter faith. Those whom he left, were the disposers of wealth, of dignity, of power, in Judea: those to whom he went, were indigent men, oppressed, and kept from all means of improving their fortunes.

5. The certain consequence, therefore, of his taking the part of Christianity, was the loss, not only of all that he possessed, but of all hopes of acquiring more: whereas, by continuing to persecute the Christians, he had hopes, rising almost to certainty, of making his fortune by the favour of those who were at the head of the Jewish state, to whom nothing could so much recommend him, as the zeal he had shown in that persecution.

6. As to credit or reputation, could the scholar of Gamaliel hope to gain either, by becoming a teacher in a college of fishermen? Could he flatter himself, that the doctrines which he taught would, either in or out of Judea, do him honour, when he knew that "they were to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness?"

7. Was it then the love of power that induced him to make this great change? Power! over whom? over a flock of sheep, whom he himself had endeavoured to destroy, and whose very shepherd had lately been murdered!—Perhaps it was with the view of gratifying some licentious passion, under the authority of the new religion, that he commenced a teacher of that religion?

8. This cannot be alleged: for his writings breathe nothing but the strictest morality: obedience to magistrates, order, and government; with the utmost abhorrence of licentiousness, idleness, or loose behaviour, under the cloak of religion.

9. We nowhere read in his works, that saints are above moral ordinances: that the fortunes of the rich ought to be divided among the poor, that there is no difference in moral actions; that any impulses of the mind are to direct us against the light of revealed religion and the laws of nature; or any of those wicked tenets, by which the peace of society has been often disturbed, and the rules of morality have been often violated, by men pretending to act under the sanction of Divine revelation.

10. He makes no distinctions, like the impostor of Arabia, in favour of himself; nor does any part of his life, either before or after his conversion to Christianity, bear any mark of a libertine disposition. As among the Jews, so among the Christians, his conversation and manners were blameless.

11. As St. Paul was not an impostor, so it is plain he was not an enthusiast. Heat of temper, melancholy, ignorance, credulity, and vanity, are the ingredients of which enthu-

siasm is composed: but from all these, except the first, the apostle appears to have been wholly free.

12. That he had great fervour of zeal, both when a Jew and when a Christian, in maintaining what he thought to be right, cannot be denied: but he was at all times so much master of his temper, as, in matters of indifference, to "become all things to all men;" with the most pliant condescension, bending his notions and manners to theirs, as far as his duty to God would permit; a conduct compatible, neither with the stiffness of a bigot, nor with the violent impulses of fanatical delusion.

13. That he was not melancholy, is plain from his conduct in embracing every method which prudence could suggest, to escape danger and shun persecution, when he could do it, without betraying the duty of his office, or, the honour of his God. A melancholy enthusiast courts persecution: and when he cannot obtain it, afflicts himself with absurd penances; but the holiness of St. Paul consisted in the simplicity of a pious life, and in the unwearied performances of his apostolical duties.

14. That he was ignorant no man will allege who is not grossly ignorant himself, for he appears to have been master, not only of the Jewish learning, but also of the Greek philosophy, and to have been very conversant even with the Greek poets.

15. That he was not credulous, is plain from his having resisted the evidence of all the miracles performed on earth by Christ, as well as those that were afterwards worked by the apostles; to the fame of which, as he lived in Jerusalem, he could not have been a stranger. And that he was as free from vanity as any man that ever lived, may be gathered from all that we see in his writings, or know of his life.

16. He represents himself as the least of the apostles, and not meet to be called an apostle. He says that he is the chief of sinners; and he prefers, in the strongest terms, universal benevolence to faith, and prophecy, and miracles, and all the gifts and graces with which he could be endowed. Is this the language of vanity or enthusiasm?

17. Having thus shown that St. Paul was neither an impostor nor an enthusiast, it remains only to be inquired, whether he was deceived by the fraud of others; but this inquiry need not be long; for who was to deceive him?

A few illiterate fishermen of Galilee? It was *morally* impossible for such men to conceive the thought of turning the most enlightened of their opponents and the cruellest of their persecutors, into an apostle; and to do this by fraud, in the very instant of his great fury against them and their Lord.

18. But could they have been so extravagant as to conceive such a thought, it was *physically* impossible for them to execute it in the manner in which we find his conversion was affected. Could they produce a light in the air, which at mid-day was brighter than the sun? Could they make Saul hear words from that light, which were not heard by the rest of the company?

19. Could they make him blind for three days after that vision, and then make scales fall from his eyes, and restore him to sight by a word? Or could they make him, and those who travelled with him, believe that all these things had happened, if they had not happened? Most unquestionably no fraud was equal to all this.

20. Since then St. Paul was not an impostor, an enthusiast, or a person deceived by the fraud of others, it follows, that his conversion was miraculous, and that the Christian religion is a Divine revelation.

LORD LYTTLETON.



LESSON XIV.

Feelings excited by a long voyage—visit to a new continent.

1. To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

2. I have said that at sea all is vacancy. I should correct the expression. To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes.

3. I delighted to loll over the quarter railing, or climb to the main-top on a calm day, and muse for hours together

on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; or to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own, or to watch the gentle undulating billows rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

4. There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe, with which I looked down from my giddy height on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting like a spectre, through the blue waters.

5. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam in the fathomless valleys; of shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

6. Sometimes a distant sail gliding along the edge of the ocean would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence!

7. What a glorious monument of human invention, that has thus triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the earth in communion; that has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; diffusing the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier!

8. We one day described some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, every thing that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

9. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened

about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over;—they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest;—their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence—oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

10. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fire-side of home. How often has the maiden, the wife, and the mother, poured over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety—anxiety into dread—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more.”

11. The sight of the wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms that will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp, in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.



LESSON XV.

The same continued.

1. “As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of the heavy fogs that prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for me to see far a-head, even in the day time; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of our ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks.

2. “The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of ‘a sail a-head!’ but it was

scarcely uttered till we were upon her. She was a small schooner at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just a-mid-ships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel, bore her down below the waves; we passed over her and were hurried on our course.

3. "As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches, rushing from her cabin; they had just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears, swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such head-way.

4. "We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack was anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent—we never heard nor saw any thing of them more!"

5. It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. I question whether Columbus, when he discovered the new world, felt a more delicious throng of sensations than rush into an American's bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations in the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with every thing of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious ears have pondered.

6. From that time until the period of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war that prowled like guardian giants round the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest.

7. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shore with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruins of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighbouring hill—all were characteristic of England.

8. The tide and wind were so favourable, that the ship was enabled to come at once at the pier. It was thronged with people; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants

of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship belonged. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air.

9. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded to him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheering and salutations interchanged between the shore and ship, as friends happened to recognise each other.

10. But I particularly noted one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour.—She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name.

11. It was from a poor sailor, who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

12. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

13. All was now hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances—the greetings of friends—the salutations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers—but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

W. IRVING.

LESSON XVI.

The Miseries of War.

1. Though the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution and we are all hastening to our long home; yet at each successive moment, life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control.

2. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of Death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

3. It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace children bury their parents, in war parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely, indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects.

4. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her children, every thing but the capacity of suffering; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

5. But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are so liable.

6. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment: every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

7. In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe!

8. If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and sick, where the variety of distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands.

9. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to sooth their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death! Unhappy man! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust?

10. We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword: confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

11. We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scenes of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword!

12. How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles or custom, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except so far as it is dimly

deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power!

13. Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our own neighbourhood. When you have placed yourselves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors!

14. Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of Heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their native soil!

15. In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

ROBERT HALL.



LESSON XVII.

The Broken-Hearted Woman.

1. How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so it is the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

2. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins

of her peace. With her the desire of the heart has failed. The great charm of existence is at an end.

3. She neglects all the cheerful exercises that gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—“dry sorrow drinks her blood,” until her enfeebled frame sinks under the least external assailment.

4. Look for her after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should now be brought down to “darkness and the worm.” You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

5. She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove; graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its core. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

6. I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love.

W. IRVING.



LESSON XVIII.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

1. During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken paneling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it

for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose: such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!—

2. I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man, but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amidst the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am certainly a better, man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

3. But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true christian, was a poor decrepid old woman bending under the weight of years and infirmities.

4. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society, and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven.

5. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer—habitually conning her prayer book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

W. IRVING.

LESSON XIX.

The Funeral.

1. I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it.

2. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two labourers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church yard, where by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow.

3. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse.

4. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and sometimes pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

5. As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued out of the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was pennyless.

6. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly

and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest scarcely moved ten steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

7. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart. ✓

8. The service being ended, preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, that breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which, at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness.

9. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoured to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

10. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

11. I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

12. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that

was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and des-
titution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the
distresses of the rich! they have friends to sooth—pleasures
to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs.
What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds
soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise
beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections
soon twine around new objects.

13. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward
appliances to sooth—the sorrows of the aged with whom
life at best is but as a wintry day, and who can look for no
aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary,
destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her
years; these are the sorrows which make us feel the impo-
tency of consolation.

14. It was some time before I left the church yard. On
my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted
as comforter: she was just returned from accompanying the
mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some
particulars connected with the affecting scene I had wit-
nessed.

W. IRVING.



LESSON XX.

The same continued.

1. The parents of the deceased had resided in the vil-
lage from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest
cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assist-
ance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably
and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They
had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride
of their age.

2. "Oh sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a likely
lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him,
so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good, to see
him of a Sunday, drest out in his best, so tall, so straight,
so cherry, supporting his old mother to church—for she
was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on
her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud
of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

3. Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of

scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received the tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main drop.

4. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as one of the ~~oldest~~ inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless.

5. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door that faced the garden suddenly opened.

6. A stranger came out and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child.

7. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

8. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on

the pallet where his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

9. The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance, that their humble means afforded. He, however, was too weak to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

10. There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has suffered, even in advanced life, in sickness, and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother “that looked on his childhood,” that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness.

11. Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude.

12. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and, if adversity overtake him, he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

13. Poor George Somers had known well what it was to be in sickness, and none to sooth—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, look anxiously up until he saw her venerable form bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

LESSON XXI.

The Conclusion.

1. My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted: and as the poor knew best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

2. The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show.

3. When I looked round upon the storied monuments; the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride; and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

4. I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved at it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave.

5. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

W. IRVING.

LESSON XXII.

Cruelty to Inferior Animals Censured.

1. I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility,) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will turn aside and let the reptile live.
2. The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes
A visitor, unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die.
A necessary act incurs no blame.
3. Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong;
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
4. The sum is this: if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who, in his sovereign wisdom, made them all.
5. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty.

COWPER.

LESSON XXIII.

Accusation, Defence, Condemnation, and Death of Socrates.

1. Socrates having been accused by his enemies, of whom the best men frequently have the greatest number, and brought to a public trial, on a variety of frivolous and mostly false charges, he was condemned, by a majority of five hundred judges, to suffer death by drinking a decoction of hemlock, which he submitted to, with undaunted firmness and composure.

2. One accusation was, that he denied the fabulous deities adored by his country; which, if true, would have been one of the most magnanimous and glorious deeds he could have been guilty of. He, however, denies the charge, and cites the sacrifices he had made to them, in the temples and in his own house.

3. He was accused of corrupting and leading astray the youth, there being mischievous and abandoned men found among those who had been his pupils. To which he makes the following defence:—

4. “I am accused of corrupting the youth, and of instilling dangerous maxims into them, as well as in regard to the worship of the gods, as the rules of government. You know, Athenians, that I never made it my profession, to teach; nor can envy, however violent against me, reproach me with ever having sold my instructions. I have an undeniable evidence for me in this respect, which is my poverty.

5. “Always equally ready to communicate my thoughts either to the rich or poor, and to give them entire leisure to question or answer me, I lend myself to every one who is desirous of becoming virtuous; and if amongst those who hear me, there are any who prove either good or bad, neither the virtues of the one, nor the vices of the other, to which I have not contributed, are to be ascribed to me.

6. “My whole employment is to persuade young and old against too much love for the body, for riches, and all other precarious things, of whatever nature they be, and against too little regard for the soul, which ought to be the object of their affection: for I incessantly urge to you, that virtue does not proceed from riches, but on the contrary, riches from virtue; and that all the other goods of human

life, as well public as private, have their source in the same principle.

7. "And what is the cause, that when others are under a necessity to procure their delicacies from abroad, at an exorbitant rate, I can indulge in pleasures far more exquisite, by recurring to the reflections of my own mind? If to speak in this manner be to corrupt youth, I confess, Athenians, that I am guilty and deserve to be punished. Pass on me what sentence you please, Athenians, but I can neither repent nor change my conduct."

8. On hearing his final sentence, addressing himself to the judges with a noble tranquillity, "I am going," said he, "to suffer death by your order, to which nature had condemned me from the first moment of my birth; but my accusers will suffer no less from infamy and injustice by the decrees of truth."

9. While in prison, Socrates was notified by his friends that his jailor was bribed, and that it was in his power to escape the fatal destiny which awaited him, which he was pressingly urged to do. But he sternly rejected the proposition, on the principle that it would be unjust and shameful to violate and evade the laws of the republic, even in their cruel excesses; having repeatedly pledged himself to inviolable fidelity, by the most solemn engagements.

10. "It has always been a maxim with us," says he, "that it is never allowable, upon any pretence whatsoever, to commit injustice, not even in regard to those who injure us, nor to return evil for evil, and that when we have once engaged our word, we are bound to keep it inviolably; no interest being capable to dispense with it."

11. Some time after the death of Socrates, the Athenians became sensible of their shameful outrage, which appeared in all its horrors. Athens was in universal mourning and consternation. The accusers were called to an account, and condemned to death, banishment, and treated with every kind of contumely; so that some of them killed themselves.

12. Although Socrates discovered extraordinary sagacity in the perception of moral truth, it appears from his constraining his penetrating prompt judgment into a personal genius, or demon, that he had not divested his mind of the influence of the fantastic chimeras that were generally prevalent in those dark ages of ignorance and superstition.

Another evidence of this, is, his faith in oracles, in sacrifices to imaginary fabulous deities, in a multiplicity of gods, &c.

13. The excellent instructions which Socrates delivered to the Athenians, in relation to the practical moral duties, entitled him to their respect and gratitude; but they still remained idolatrous, and "*too superstitious*," until, five hundred years after him,—“PAUL stood in the midst of Mar’s hill,” and declared unto them the God “that dwelleth not in temples made with hands!”

ROLLIN.



LESSON XXIV.

Some account of Rip Van Winkle.

1. Rip Van Winkle was one of those happy mortals, of foolish well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, which ever he got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

2. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

3. Rip’s sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master’s so often going astray. True, it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman’s tongue?

4. The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

5. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing.

6. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

7. The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however, (for every great man has his adherents,) perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions.

8. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour

curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

9. From even this strong hold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

10. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, while I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

W. IRVING.



LESSON XXV.

The Planetary System.

1. Fair star of Eve, thy lucid ray
Directs my thoughts to realms on high;
Great is the theme though weak the lay,
For my heart whispers God is nigh.
2. The Sun, vicegerent of his power,
Shall rend the veil of parting night,
Salute the spheres, at early hour,
And pour a flood of life and light.
3. Seven circling planets I behold,
Their different orbits all describe;
Copernicus these wonders told,
And bade the laws of truth revive.

4. Mercury and Venus first appear,
Nearest the dazzling source of day;
Three months compose *his* hasty year,
In seven *she* treads the heavenly way.
5. Next, Earth completes her yearly course;
The Moon as satellite attends;
Attraction is the hidden force,
On which creation's law depends.
6. Then Mars is seen of fiery hue;
Jupiter's orb we next descry;
His atmospheric belts we view,
And four bright moons attract the eye.
7. Mars, soon his revolution makes,
In twice twelve months the sun surrounds;
Jupiter, greater limits takes,
And twelve long years declare his bounds.
8. With ring of light, see Saturn slow,
Pursue his path in endless space;
By seven pale moons his course we know,
And thirty years that round shall trace.
9. The Georgium Sidus next appears,
By his amazing distance known;
The lapse of more than eighty years,
In his account makes one alone.
10. Six moons are his, by Herschel shown,
Herschel, of modern times the boast;
Discovery here is all his own,
Another planetary host!
11. And lo! by astronomic scan,
Three stranger planets track the skies,
Part of that high majestic plan,
Whence those successive worlds arise.
12. Next Mars, Piazza's orb is seen,
Four years six months, complete his round;
Science shall renovated beam,
And gild Palermo's favoured ground.

13. Daughters of telescopic ray,
 Pallas and Juno, smaller spheres,
 Are seen near Jove's imperial way,
 Tracing the heavens in destined years.

14. Comets and fixed stars I see,
 With native lustre ever shine;
 How great! how good! how dreadful! He
 In whom life, light, and truth combine.

15. Oh! may I better know his will,
 And more implicitly obey;
 Be God my friend, my father still,
 From finite—to eternal day. MANONALL.



LESSON XXVI.

Social Worship agreeable to the impulses of our nature.

1. Sentiments of admiration, love, and joy, swell the bosom with emotions which seek for fellowship and communication. The flame, indeed, may be kindled by silent musing; but when kindled it must infallibly spread. The devout heart, penetrated with large and affecting views of the immensity of the works of God, the harmony of his laws, and the extent of his beneficence, bursts into loud and vocal expressions of praise and adoration; and from a full and overflowing sensibility, seeks to expand itself to the utmost limits of creation.

2. The mind is forcibly carried out of itself, and embracing the whole circle of animated existence, calls on all above, around, below, to help to bear the burden of its gratitude. Joy is too brilliant a thing to be confined within our own bosoms; it burnishes all nature, and with its vivid colouring, gives a kind of fictitious life to objects without sense or motion.

3. There cannot be a more striking proof of the social tendency of these feelings, than the strong propensity we have to *suppose* auditors when there are none. When men are wanting, we address the animal creation; and rather than have none to partake of our feelings, we find sentiment in the music of birds, the hum of insects, and the

low of kine: nay, we call on rocks and streams and forests to witness and share our emotions.

4. Hence the royal shepherd, sojourning in caves and solitary wastes, calls on the hills to rejoice, and the floods to clap their hands; and the lonely poet, wandering in the deep recesses of uncultivated nature, finds a temple in every solemn grove, and swells his chorus of praise with the winds that bow the lofty cedars.

5. And can he, who, not satisfied with the wide range of animated existence, calls for the sympathy of the inanimate creation, refuse to worship with his fellow men? Can he who bids "Nature attend," forget to "join every *living soul*" in the universal hymn? Shall we suppose companions in the stillness of deserts, and shall we overlook them amongst friends and townsmen? It cannot be! Social worship, for the devout heart, is not more a duty than it is a real want.

MRS. BARBAULD.



LESSON XXVII.

Maternal Affection.

1. Woman's charms are certainly many and powerful. The expanding rose, just bursting into beauty, has an irresistible bewitchingness;—the blooming bride, led triumphantly to the hymenial altar, awakens admiration and interest, and the blush of her cheek fills with delight;—but the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these.

2. Heaven has imprinted in the mother's face something beyond this world, something which claims kindred with the skies,—the angelic smile, the tender look, the waking, watchful eye, which keeps its fond vigil over her slumbering babe.

3. These are objects which neither the pencil nor the chisel can touch, which poetry fails to exalt, which the most eloquent tongue in vain would eulogize, and on which all description becomes ineffective. In the heart of man lies this lovely picture; it lives in his sympathies; it reigns in his affections; his eye looks around in vain for such another object on earth.

4. Maternity, extatic sound! so twined round our hearts, that they must cease to throb ere we forget it! 'tis our first

love; 'tis part of our religion. Nature has set the mother upon such a pinnacle, that our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted to it; we cling to 't in manhood; we almost worship it in old age. He who can enter an apartment, and behold the tender babe feeding on its mother's beauty—nourished by the tide of life which flows through her generous veins, without a panting bosom and a grateful eye, is no man, but a monster.

5. He who can approach the cradle of sleeping innocence, without thinking that "Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" or see the fond parent hang over its beauties, and half retain her breath least she should break its slumbers, without a veneration beyond all common feeling, is to be avoided in every intercourse of life, and is fit only for the shadow of darkness and the solitude of the desert.

SCRAP BOOK.



LESSON XXVIII.

The Deluge.

1. All nations own this occurrence as indisputable; and a thousand venerable traditions testify of the deluge of waters, along with the water marks which are abundantly found in the highest mountains, and may be identified in the geological structure of the continents and the islands.

2. No element, perhaps, excepting that of fire, could have wrought such changes—for, when the shoreless waters subsided, the fragments of the broken up world were tossing to and fro and rounding themselves into a dry orb, under far other than antediluvian features and combinations, the retiring waves sported with the ancient mountain tops as with pebbles, and surge after surge laid up on high the immense ridges of new modelled hills with deep and lengthened vales between.

3. It is not our purpose to spread the glorious or the gloomy colours of fancy, in mingled drapery, over the deluge scenery. More true sublimity lurks in the account of this event given in the sacred records, than may be found in the most laboured, minute, or graphic displays of inventive probability. We follow the words of God; and, like the pioneer raven, sent out from the window of the ark, hover

a moment longer over this stormy resting place between the world's creation and its end.

4. The warning was long by the voice of Noah—and longer still by his unremitted labours in building the ark of safety for himself, his family, and those beasts of the field and fowls of the air, who might be destined to propagate their kind throughout the solitudes of the new world. Threatened judgment comes on tardy wing—for God is merciful beyond earthly conception of the most merciful.

5. Arrived at last, it is sudden—as if the kind Creator of humanity, was unwilling to hang out his protracted, unavailing terrors over those whose incorrigible obstinacy in sin had brought down destruction upon them. Many graphic writers and the pencil of the artist, have united in presenting a picture of long continued struggle—the black agony of horrid death—the arduous ascent to the mountain summit—the wild shout of pursuing waters—the cutting off of every hope—the sight of the buoyant ark outriding the storm—and the wild, unutterable wrestlings of the spirit of despair, tormenting the drowning millions in their death struggle. But we cannot follow the path of such.

6. The painter, whose heaving canvas discloses an enormous serpent winding himself around the topmost rock of the highest mountain, while all around rolls the seething waters, reveals a strong probability of nature—or when he paints a cataract near a summit, where the laws of nature would forbid a river to flow—or when he defies the doctrine of gravitation, and shows the angry, foaming masses of water stretching upward, like reversed waterfalls, he may be sustained by the solemn evidence of recorded causes, if not effects.

7. But let him people the last, the highest visible elevations with drenched, miserable, living beings, he gives needless and uncalled-for severity to a judgment too tremendous to exaggerate. Long before the highest hills were topped with foam, all earthly life, except that afloat in the ark and that whose breath is the deep sea itself, had probably become extinct. When man punishes man, he sustains the poor, shivering form of his brother in slow torments, taking life in excruciating measures, inch by inch—but the judgments of God, slow in their approach; are sudden in their transaction.

8. The calamity comes. The public mind seems stu-

pified; and, in a moment, the Red Sea envelopes a host; the earth swallows thousands; fires from heaven wrap cities in flames; earthquake sinks them in dust, or the howling currents of the broken up seas, and the dreary descent of floods from the opened windows of heaven, finish the catastrophe of the world before the deluge. **THE CABINET.**



LESSON XXIX.

Extract from the Earl of Moira's Speech, on the subject of the Excellency of the English Language.

1. Regard it, (the English language,) not, I beseech you, as the mere medium of ordinary intercourse. It is a *mine*, whence you may extract the means of enchanting, instructing, and improving communities yet nameless, and generations yet unborn. Our English language has never had adequate tribute paid to it.

2. Among the languages of modern Europe, specious, but subordinate pretensions have been advanced to *cadence*, *terseness*, or *dextrous ambiguity* of insinuation; while the sober majesty of the English tongue stood aloof, and disdained a competition on the ground of such inferior particularities.

3. Every language can furnish to genius, casually, a forcible expression; and a thousand turns of neatness and delicacy may be found in most of them: but I will confidently assert, that, in that which should be the first object in all language, *precision*, the English tongue surpasses them all; while in *richness* of *colouring*, and *extent of power*, it is exceeded by none, if equalled by any.

4. What subject is there within the boundless range of imagination, which some *English author* has not clothed in *English phrase*, with a *nicety* of *definition*, an *accuracy* of *portraiture*, a *brilliancy* of *tint*, a *delicacy* of *discrimination*, and a *force* of *expression*, which must be *sterling*, because every other nation of Europe, as well as our own, admits their perfection with enthusiasm!

5. Are the fibres of the heart to be made to tremble with anxiety,—to glow with animation,—to thrill with horror,—to startle with amaze,—to shrink with awe,—to throb with pity,—or to vibrate in sympathy with the tone

of pictured love;—know ye not the mighty *magicians* of our country, whose potent *spell* has commanded, and continues irresistibly to command, these varied *impulses*?

6. Was it a puny engine, a feeble art, that achieved such wondrous workings? What was the sorcery? *Justly conceived collocation of words*, is the whole secret of this witchery; a charm within the reach of any of you. Possess yourselves of the necessary *energies*, and be assured you will find the language *exuberant* beyond the demand of your intensest thought.

7. How many positions are there which form the basis of every day's reflection; the matter for the ordinary operation of our minds, which were toiled after perhaps for ages, before they were seized and rendered comprehensible!

8. How many subjects are there which *we ourselves* have grasped at, as if we saw them floating in an atmosphere just above us, and found the *arm of our intellect* but just too short to reach them; and then comes a happier genius, who, in a fortunate moment, and from some vantage ground, arrests the *meteor* in its flight; and grasps the floating phantom; drags it from the skies to the earth; condenses that which was but an impalpable coruscation of spirit; fetters that which was but the lightning glance of thought; and having so mastered it, bestows it as a perpetual possession and heritage on mankind!



LESSON XXX.

Devotion of Lafayette to the Cause of America.

1. While we bring our offerings for the mighty of our own land, shall we not remember the chivalrous spirits of other shores, who shared with them the hour of weakness and wo? Pile to the clouds the majestic columns of glory, let the lips of those who can speak well, hallow each spot where the bones of your bold repose; but forget not those who with your bold went out to battle.

2. Among these men of noble daring, there was ONE, a young and gallant stranger, who left the blushing vine-hills of his delightful France. The people whom he came to succour, were not *his* people; he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs. He was no mercenary

wretch, striving for the spoil of the vanquished; the palace acknowledged him for its lord, and the valley yielded him its increase.

3. He was no nameless man, staking life for reputation; he ranked among nobles, and looked unawed upon kings. He was no friendless outcast, seeking for a grave to hide his cold heart; he was girdled by the companions of his childhood, his kinsmen were about him, his wife was before him.

4. Yet from all these he turned away, and came. Like a lofty tree, that shakes down its green glories, to battle with the winter storm, he flung aside the trappings of place and pride, to crusade for freedom, in freedom's holy land. He came—but not in the day of successful rebellion, not when the new-risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time, and careered to its place in the heavens.

5. He came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger; when the plough stood still in the field of promise, and briers cumbered the garden of beauty; when fathers were dying, and mothers were weeping over them; when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping away the death-damp from the brow of her lover. He came when the brave began to fear the power of man, and the pious to doubt the favour of God.

6. It was then, that this ONE joined the ranks of a revolted people. Freedom's little phalanx bade him a grateful welcome. With them he courted the battle's rage, with theirs his arm was lifted; with theirs his blood was shed. Long and doubtful was the conflict. At length kind Heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled. The profane were driven from the temple of liberty, and at her pure shrine the pilgrim warrior, with his adored COMMANDER, knelt and worshipped. Leaving there his offering, the incense of an uncorrupted spirit, he at length rose up, and crowned with benedictions, turned his happy feet towards his long deserted home.

7. After nearly fifty years, that ONE has come again. Can mortal tongue tell, can mortal heart feel, the sublimity of that coming? Exulting millions rejoice in it, and their loud, long, transporting shout, like the mingling of many winds, rolls on, undying, to freedom's farthest mountains. A congregated nation comes round him. Old men bless

him, and children reverence him. The lovely come out to look upon him, the learned deck their halls to greet him, the rulers of the land rise up to do him homage.

8. How his full heart labours! He views the rusting trophies of departed days, he treads the high places where his brethren moulder, he bends before the tomb of his "FATHER"—his words are tears: the speech of sad remembrance. But he looks round upon the ransomed land, and a joyous race; he beholds the blessings those trophies secured, for which those brethren died, for which that "FATHER" lived; and again his words are tears; the eloquence of gratitude and joy.

9. Spread forth creation like a map; bid earth's dead multitude revive; and of all the pageant splendours that ever glittered to the sun, when looked his burning eye on a sight like this? Of all the myriads that have come and gone, what cherished minion ever ruled an hour like this? Many have struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom, but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers?

10. Others have lived in the love of their own people, but who, like this man, has drank his sweetest cup of welcome with another? Matchless chief! of glory's immortal tablets, there is one for him, for him alone! Oblivion shall never shroud its splendour; the everlasting flame of liberty shall guard it, that the generations of men may repeat the name recorded there, the beloved name of **LAFAYETTE!**

SPRAGUE.



LESSON XXXI.

Liberty and Slavery.

1. Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so—till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron.

2. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

3. Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close to my table; and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

4. I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but, finding however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me, I took a single captive; and having shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

5. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of a friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of his portrait.

6. He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap.

7. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERNE.

LESSON XXXII.

The Last Day.

1. At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play,
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines: and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
2. Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
3. Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun!—A sun, Oh, how unlike
The babe at Bethlehem! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet HE it is;
That man of sorrows! Oh how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends;
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
4. At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
5. Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood! Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale!

6. Great day! for which all other days were made;
 For which earth rose from chaos; man from earth;
 And an eternity, the date of gods,
 Descended on poor earth-created man!
 Great day of dread decision, and despair!
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.

7. Already has begun the grand assize,
 In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
 The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
 Forestalls: and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
 Why on himself should man void judgment pass?
 Is idle nature laughing at her sons?
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
 And God above assert that God in man.

8. Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms; but how rare!
 Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
 What hero, like the man who stands himself?
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
 Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings;
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
 The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.

9. Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate
 Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
 I think of nothing else, I see! I feel it!
 All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
 I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
 The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
 A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!

10. No patron! intercessor none! now past
 The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
 For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
 Inexorable, all! and all extreme!

11. Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
 From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
 And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd
 Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
 His baleful eyes! He curses whom he dreads;
 And deems it the first moment of his fall.

12. Eternity, the various sentence past,
 Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,

Sulphureous, or ambrosial. What ensues?
 The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
 The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
 Her adamantine key's enormous size
 Through destiny's inextricable wards,
 Deep driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates:

18. Then, from the chrystral battlements of heav'n,
 Down, down she hurls it through the dark profound,
 Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rest,
 And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
 The deep resounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
 Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

YOUNG.



LESSON XXXIII.

The Monied Man.

1. Old Jacob Stock! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus, in Threadneedle-street, and Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front.

2. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed, in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

3. He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab-looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye.

4. Nature had poured no balm into *his* breast; nor was his "gross and earthly mould" susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to exact hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale.

5. The wife of one whom he had known in better

days, pleaded before him for her sick husband, and famishing infants. Jacob, on occasions like these, was a man of few words. He was as careful of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. "Indeed, he is very ill, Sir."—"Can't help it."—"We are very much distressed."—"Can't help it."—"Our poor children, too——."—"Can't help that neither."

6. The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his; "indeed you can;" but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his pockets. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but, the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

7. "He has been very extravagant."—"Ah, Sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant."—"Unfortunate!—Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks *can* be unfortunate. *I* was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance. *I* always looked after the main chance."

8. "He has had a large family to maintain."—"Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you, ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for? Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then"

9. The suppliant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathized, but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to; besides there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

10. Sixty summers had passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds.—So he desperately extracted a crown piece from

the depth profound, and thrust it hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed:— it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curt'sied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead, and burst into tears.***

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



LESSON XXXIV.

The Highlander.

Many years ago, a poor Highland soldier, on his return to his native hills, fatigued, as it was supposed, by the length of the march and the heat of the weather, sat down under the shade of a birch-tree, on the solitary road of Lowrin, that winds along the margin of Loch Ken, in Galloway. Here he was found dead, and this incident forms the subject of the following verses.

1. From the climes of the sun, all war-worn and weary,
The Highlander sped to his youthful abode;
Fair visions of home cheered the desert so dreary;
Though fierce was the noon-beam and steep was the road.
2. Till spent with the march that still lengthened before him,
He stopped by the way in a sylvan retreat;
The light, shady boughs of the birch-tree waved o'er him,
And the stream of the mountain fell soft at his feet.
3. He sunk to repose where the red heaths are blended,
One dream of his childhood his fancy past o'er;
But his battles are fought, and his march it is ended;
The sound of the bagpipe shall wake him no more.
4. No arm in the day of the conflict could wound him,
Though war launched her thunder in fury to kill;
Now the angel of death in the desert has found him,
Now stretched him in peace by the stream of the hill.
5. Pale Autumn spreads o'er him the leaves of the forest,
The fays of the wild chant the dirge of his rest;
And thou, little brook, still the sleeper deplorest,
And moistenest the heath-bell that weeps on his breast.

W. GILLESPIE.

LESSON XXXV.

The Prodigal Son.

1. A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said unto his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living. And, not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living.

2. And, when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him.

3. And, when he came to himself, he said, "How many *hired servants* of my father's have bread enough, and to spare;—and *I* perish with hunger!—I will arise, and go to my father, and will say unto him—Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:—make me as one of thy hired servants."

4. And he arose, and was coming to his father:—but, while he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

5. But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;—and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry:—for this, my son, was dead, and is alive again;—he was lost, and is found."

6. Now his elder son was in the field:—and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

7. And he was angry;—and would not go in: therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he, answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years have I served

thee, neither transgressed I, at any time, thy commandment; and yet—thou never gavest me a *kid*, that I might make merry with my friends:—But, as soon as this—*thy son* was come, who hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou hast killed for *him* the fatted calf.”

8. And the father said unto him—“Son, *thou* art *ever* with me; and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad: for this—*thy brother*—was dead, and is alive again; and was lost and is found.”

NEW TESTAMENT.



LESSON XXXVI.

Dissolution of Nature.

1. The admirable writer of “The Theory of the Earth,” has communicated to us with the most striking eloquence, his thoughts on the dissolution of nature. When this admirable author has reviewed all that has passed or is to come which relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole face of it, how could a guardian angel that had attended it through all its courses, or changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe, looking to the point where it once stood?

2. “Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing! All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth.

3. “Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor’s name. What remains, what impressions, what difference, or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, what is become of her now?

4. “She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were

strong and sumptuous:—"She glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow:—"but her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is no where found."

5. "Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads. Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints! Hallelujah." T.

SPECTATOR.



LESSON XXXVII.

Thoughts in Sickness.

When all the God came rushing on her soul.

DRYDEN.

1. Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him.

2. When a man considers that, as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distance, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when by some faculty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity who is not alarmed at such a thought.

3. Dr. Sherlock, in his excellent Treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state

of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter; which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follows:

4. "That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches us, that it is only our union to these bodies, which intercepts the sight of the other world: The other world is not at such a distance from us, as we may imagine; the Throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above the third Heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his Throne: But as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world; which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next:

5. "For while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material easements, nothing but what is material can effect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye:

6. "So that though within this visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and the invisible world: But when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders presenting themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul, with its own naked eyes, sees what was invisible before:

7. "And then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. Paul tells us, that 'when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord.' 2 Cor. v. 6, 8.

8. "And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the

least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with?

9. "There are such things as 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive:' Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in the flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off our eyes, which hinders our sight.

10. "As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being 'whom none can see and live;' he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought.

11. "Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to 'stand in his sight.'

12. "Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted."

13. It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during this, my sickness:

1. When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
2. If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

H

3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless wo prevent.
5. Then see the sorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.
6. For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

ADDISON.



LESSON XXXVIII.

On Death.

1. In a late solitary ramble, I insensibly wandered near to a church-yard; the mild rays of the moon threw a delightful radiance over the surrounding scenery, and conspired, with the stillness of the night, to fill me with those pleasing melancholy feelings, of which those who have never experienced them can have no adequate idea.

2. It was "that very witching time of eve," when the soul, freed from the noise and bustle of the day, and escaped from the din and distraction of the city, is prepared to feel the force of those reflections which will inevitably arise in the mind of the man accustomed to think, especially when all around is as still as the foot of time, and when the quiet of the grave seems to have rendered every thing in its environs, as silent as the lifeless tenants who inhabit its gloom.

3. There is something appalling in the thought of death, even to those whose lives have been spent in the unblameable performance of moral and religious duties; but the reflection becomes dreadful and revolting, when unattended

by those comfortable hopes, springing from a consciousness of rectitude.

4. Humanity shudders at the anticipation of the dreadful moment, in which she shall bid adieu to all that is earthly; and we are constantly seeking some method to shake off every consideration which reminds us of mortality, or busily employed in endeavouring to persuade our minds to a belief that the time is far distant.

5. Nothing, however, is better calculated to lead us to a correct mode of thinking on the subject, than the solemn examples we have before us when viewing the graves of the departed; we there behold the clods which cover the hoary head of age, and the turf gently rising over the smiling cheek of infancy.

6. Here lies one who perished in the bloom of youth, and there another who has fallen in the prime and vigour of manhood. 'These all (if I may be allowed the expression,) cry from the tomb, remember man, thou also art mortal. But how unmindful are we of these warnings—how loth to suppose that what has been their fate, must eventually, perhaps may shortly, be our own.

7. Sometimes, indeed, when death has been brought into our house, when we have been bereaved of a relation, or deprived of a bosom friend, the idea presses itself more closely upon our attention; we attend them to the grave; we hear the echo of the cold earth resound from the casement which encloses the remains of what was once near and dear to us; we let fall the tear of sympathy, and feel the weight of the awful lesson which has just been taught us. We return into the confusion of the world—all the impressions which, a short time since, were so strong and lively, have faded from our hearts, and perhaps, before many days shall have elapsed, oblivion will have thrown her mantle around the memories of those who formerly constituted our delight, and were the solace of our woes.

8. From whence does this forgetfulness, this blind indifference arise? It can only be from a sense of our unfitness to die, from a dread at entering, unprepared, into an unknown state of existence—thus weakly do we put aside every thought of hereafter, and drown the cares of futurity in the pursuit of present objects; and yet how vain and useless are all our attempts to procrastinate the approach of the fell destroyer of the human family.

9. Health, honours, riches, beauty, oppose but weak and insufficient barriers to his encroachments; he levels all distinctions: the wealthy, the honoured, the most perfect works of God, alike fall victims to his might. Conquerors, like overflowing rivers, may spread terror and desolation over the face of the earth.

10. Fame may sound abroad the lustre of their names; riches may procure them all the luxuries of life, but sooner or later they are obliged to succumb to a power superior to themselves, and though they acknowledge no greater here, yet are they compelled to submit to the requisitions of destiny, and to bow in obedience to the mandate of the greatest conqueror of all.

11. Where are now the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Scipios, those thunderbolts of war, whose names carried dismay, and whose footsteps were stained with the blood of myriads? They have vanished, they are now no more; the brightness of their glory has sunk into the darkness of the sepulchre, in which their ashes now enjoy that peace which, when living, they denied to the objects of their wrath, and the victims of their insatiate ambition.

12. The learned and the wise are subject to the same general law of nature. He, from whose lips flowed eloquence, grateful as the honey of mount Hybleaus, and he whose every word conveyed some important lesson of wisdom, now mingles his dust in the general mass, in which it cannot be distinguished from that of the most ignorant, the most abject of mankind.

13. Seeing, that at some period, we are all to be summoned hence, does it not become us, as rational creatures, to prepare ourselves for the change, by oftentimes considering on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death; and ought we not carefully to avoid delaying our preparations, especially when we call to mind, that the arrows of fate are as like to pierce the youth of twenty years, as the aged of fourscore—let us, then, begin in due season, and not put it off till to-morrow, for to-morrow may be too late; let us seek for consolations against the fear of death, in the practice of virtue, and the enjoyment of religion.

14. These alone are capable of disarming the monster of his terrors, and alone sufficient to give us that fortitude, which will enable us to meet him with firmness and resolution—they leave no sting behind, and we shall look

back with pleasure upon a well spent life,—free from the pangs and fears which torment the abandoned, in that most eventful hour.

W. NEAL.



LESSON XXXIX.

ON DUELLING.

Extract from Mr. Horne's Speech.

1. How is the name of honour abused! Can honour be the savage resolution, the brutal fierceness of a revengeful spirit? True honour is manifested in a steady, uniform train of actions, attended by justice and directed by prudence. Is this the conduct of the duellist? will justice support him in robbing the community of an able and useful member, and in depriving the poor of a benefactor? will it support him in preparing affliction for the widow's heart? in filling the orphan's eyes with tears?

2. Will justice acquit him for enlarging the punishment beyond the offence? will it permit him, for, perhaps, a rash word that may admit of an apology, an unadvised action that may be retrieved, or an injury that may be compensated, to cut off a man before his days be half numbered, and for a temporary fault inflict an endless punishment? On the other hand, will prudence bear him out in risking an infamous death if he succeeds in the duel? but if he falls, will it plead his pardon at a more awful tribunal, for rushing into the presence of an offended God?

3. Senseless as this notion of honour is, it unhappily has its advocates among us: but for the prevalence of such a notion, how could the amiable person, whose death has made the solemn business of this day, be lost to his country, his family, and his friends? Would to God that I was a master of words, and it could be indulged to the tenderness of a friend to pay a tribute to his memory!

4. I might then endeavour to set him full before you in the variety of his excellence; but as this would be venturing too far, I can only lament that such virtue had not a longer date: that this good man was cut off in the strength of his age, ere half his glass was run: when his heart was projecting and executing schemes to relieve distress, and by

the most surprising acts of beneficence, vindicating the bounty of Providence for heaping wealth upon him.

5. Duelling seems to be an unnatural graft upon genuine courage, and the growth of a barbarous age. The polite nations of Greece and Rome knew nothing of it: they reserved their bravery for the enemies of their country, and then were prodigal of their blood. These brave people set honour up as a guardian genius of the public, to humanize their passions, to preserve their truth unblemished, and to teach them to value life only as useful to their country. The modern heroes dress it up like one of the demons of superstition, covered with blood, and delighting in human sacrifice.



LESSON XL.

Comforts of the Belief in a Providence.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

1. Man, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them.

2. It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingencies, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

3. The natural homage, which such a creature bears to so infinitely wise and good a being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life, and an habitual trust in him for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties as may befall us.

4. The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractly from this relation to the Supreme Being. At the same time that he

reflects upon his own weakness and imperfection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety and his welfare.

5. He finds his want of foresight made up by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength, when he knows that his helper is Almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being, is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute, and loses his own insufficiency in the fulness of infinite perfection.

6. To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the divine goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable had it been forbidden us.

7. Among several motives which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

8. But without considering the supernatural blessing which accompanies this duty, we may observe that it has a natural tendency to its own reward, or in other words, that this firm trust and confidence in the great disposer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing it manfully.

9. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities, and does wonders that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a confidence of success.

10. I could produce instances from history; of generals, who out of a belief that they were under the protection of some invisible assistant, did not only encourage their soldiers to do their utmost, but have acted themselves beyond what they would have done, had they not been inspired by such a belief.

11. I might in the same manner show how such a trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

12. The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man in times of poverty and affliction, but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation, when it is just entering on another state of existence; to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought; such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

13. David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third psalm, which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my readers with the following translation of it:

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye,
My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

LESSON XLI.

Vernal Delights.

Unusual sweetness purer joy inspires.

1. In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

2. Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
 Appear'd with gay enamell'd colours mix'd:
 On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
 That landscape: and of pure now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
 All sadness but despair, &c.

3. Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness.

4. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous; those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers.

5. It was for this reason that I will endeavour to recommend a cheerfulness of mind, and to inculcate it, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is

written.* The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing he sees cheers and delights him;

6. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without secret sensations of pleasure. The psalmist has, in several of his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

7. Natural philosophy quickens this state of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks, and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine Wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasure of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

8. It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the Great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of the heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay, on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

9. I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hands and fills the world with good.

10. The Apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it; by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart

• The Spring.

which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude.

11. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness: a grateful reflection on the supreme cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it a proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

ADDISON.



LESSON XLII.

The Hermit.

1. Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age, a rev'rend hermit grew,
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruit, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man with God he pass'd the days;
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
2. A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obov;
Thus sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
3. So, when a smooth expanse receives, imprest,
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks; the trees, depending, grow:
And skies, beneath, with answ'ring colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
4. To clear this doubt; to know the world by sight;
To find if books or swains report it right;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)

He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before:
Then, with the sun, a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

5. The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way:
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And, soft, in graceful ringlets, wav'd his hair.
6. Then, near approaching, Father, hail! he cri'd;
And, Hail my son! the rev'rend sire repli'd;
Words follow'd words; from question answer flow'd;
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
7. Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey:
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose;
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd the sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
8. Yet, still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate:
The table groans with costly piles of food;
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
9. At length, 'tis morn; and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres, the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood, to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.

10. Then pleas'd, and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo—
 His cup was vanish'd; for, in secret guise,
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.



LESSON XLIII.

The same continued.

1. As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seem'd the sire, when, far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
 He stopt with silence; walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
 That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
2. While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds:
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain;
 And beasts to covert, scud across the plain.
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
3. 'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground;
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
 As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts, with sudden fury, blew;
 The nimble lightning, mix'd with show'rs, began;
 And o'er their heads, loud rolling thunder ran.
4. Here long they knock; but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
 At length, some pity warm'd the master's breast
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest;)
 Slow creaking turns the door, with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair.
5. One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;

And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

6. With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cri'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?

7. But what new marks of wonder soon take place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

8. But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun, emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

9. While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that; and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

10. Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'lers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh:
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat;
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

11. Hither the walkers turn, with weary feet;
Then, bless the mansion and the master greet;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise;
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

12. "Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part:
From him you come, for him accept it here;
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke; and bade the welcome tables spread;
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed:
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

LESSON XLIV.

The same continued.

1. At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dapple morn arose.
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride—
Oh, strange return!—grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
2. Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the deed was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
3. Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
Perplex'd with roads: a servant show'd the way.
A river cross'd the path. The passage o'er
Was nice to find: the servant trode before:
4. Long arms of oak an open bridge suppli'd;
And, deep, the waves beneath the bending, glide,
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging, he falls; and rising, lifts his head;
Then, splashing, turns, and sinks among the dead.
5. Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
6. Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display,
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
7. Though loud, at first, the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends;
And, in a calm, his settling temper ends.
But silence, here, the beauteous angel broke:
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

8. Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial ~~rise~~ before the throne;
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind.
 For this commission'd I forsook the sky—
 Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government divine;
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

9. The Maker justly claims that world he made;
 In this the right of Providence is laid:
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends.
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
 Your actions uses, nor controls your will;
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

10. What strange events can strike with more surprise
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes?
 Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

11. The great, vain man, who fared on costly food;
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
 Who made his ivory stand with goblets shine;
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost:
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

12. The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,
 That Heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl;
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head:
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow;
 And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

13. Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
 But, now, the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
 (Child of his age)—for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
 To what excesses had his dotage run!
 But God, to save the father, took the son.

14. To all, but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

15. But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal;
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign and sin no more.

16. On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew.
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

17. The bending hermit here a pray'r begun—
“Lord! as in Heav'n, on earth thy will be done.”
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace. PARNELL.



LESSON XLV.

The Journey of a Day; a Picture of Human Life.

1. Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

2. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring; all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

3. Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength: he then looked round about him for some more commodious path.

He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant.

4. He did not, however, forget whether he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

5. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

6. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

7. Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

8. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

9. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifles to trifles. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.



LESSON XLVI.

The same continued.

1. He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

2. Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was at the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper.

3. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

4. When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

5. "Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest."

6. "In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security."

7. "Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return."

8. "But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire."

9. "We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue."

10. "Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair; but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my

son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life." DR. JOHNSON.



LESSON XLVII.

Character of Julius Cæsar.

1. Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society; formed to excel in peace as well as war, provident in council, fearless in action, and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends, placable to his enemies; for parts, learning, and eloquence, scarce inferior to any man.

2. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance. Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred: and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the law, he would have been the only man capable of rivaling Cicero.

3. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts, but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly.

4. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed.

5. His capital passions were ambition and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul.

6. That if right and justice were ever to be violated,

they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth: so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic.

7. He used to say, that there were two things necessary to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet mutually depend on each other; with money, therefore, he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure.

8. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he had made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted had turned his head, and made him giddy: for by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroys the stability of it; and, as men shorten life by living too fast, so, by intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

MIDDLETON.



LESSON XLVIII.

The Passions. AN ODE.

1. When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
2. By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own oppressive power.

3. First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.
Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire:
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre—
And swept, with hurried hand, the strings.

4. With woful measures, wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.
But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.

5. Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all her song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
hair,
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.

6. He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down:
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Wore ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo:
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat.

7. And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each strain'd ball of sight—seemed bursting
from his head.

8. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
Sad proof of thy distressful state:
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;

And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, call'd on
Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired,
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
And dashing soft, from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mangled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing).
In hollow murmurs died away.

9. But, oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.

10. The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed
Queen,
Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

11. Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But, soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.

12. They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unweary'd minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound.)
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

COLLINS.

LESSON XLIX.

Mr. Fox's Eulogium on General Washington, in the British Parliament.

1. How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European courts! Illustrious man! deriving honour less from the splendour of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the princes and potentates of Europe (excepting the members of our own family) become little and contemptible!

2. He has had no occasion to have recourse to any tricks of policy or arts of alarm; his authority has been sufficiently supported by the same means by which it was acquired, and his conduct has uniformly been characterised by wisdom, moderation, and firmness. He, feeling gratitude to France for the assistance received from her in that great contest which secured the independence of America, did not choose to give up the system of neutrality in favour of this country. Entrusted with the care of the welfare of a great people, he did not allow the misconduct of another, with respect to himself, for one moment to interrupt the duty which he owed to them, or withdraw his attention from their interests.

3. The people over whom he presided, he knew to be acquainted with their rights and their duties. He trusted to their own good sense to defeat the effect of those arts which might be employed to inflame or mislead their minds; and was sensible that a government could be in no danger, while it retained the attachment and confidence of its subjects—attachment, in this instance, not blindly adopted, confidence not implicitly given, but arising from the conviction of its excellence, and the experience of its blessings.

4. I cannot, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and the fortune of this great man! not that by the phrase *fortune* I mean in the smallest degree to derogate from his merit. But, notwithstanding his extraordinary talents and exalted integrity, it must be considered as singularly fortunate, that he should have experienced a lot, which so seldom

falls to the portion of humanity, and have passed through such a variety of scenes, without stain and without reproach.

5. It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling, for a series of time, a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question; that he should, in no one instance, have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career.

6. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man! But if the maxims now held forth were adopted, he who now ranks as the asserter of his country's freedom, and the guardian of its interests and honour, would be deemed to have disregarded and betrayed that country, and to have entailed upon himself indelible reproach.

7. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads every where desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects, by your own virtues and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effects of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly contemn, or wickedly exclude from their bosom!

8. Cultivating the arts of peace, under the influence of freedom, you advance by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest; if you should find it necessary to avenge insult, or repel injury, the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments, and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause!

LESSON L.

The Grave.

1. Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has kn̄t and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can never pay.
2. Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongu'd thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
3. The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a die more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress.—O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return; how painful the remembrance!
4. Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health,
Complexionally pleasant?
5. Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres, and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile,
Before she was aware? Ah! sulien now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

6. Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war.
 The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
 Who the Tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
 And had not room enough to do its work?

7. Proud Royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now.

8. Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honours by the heralds duly paid
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
 O cruel irony! these come too late;
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
 In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffined,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,
 Above the vulgar, born to rot in state.



LESSON LI.

The same continued.

1. How shocking must thy summons be, O death!
 To him that is at ease in his possessions:
 Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
 Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come?
 In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
 Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
 Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
 But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
 On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
 A little longer, yet a little longer,
 O! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
 And fit her for her passage.

2. Mournful sight!
 Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
 She heaves is big with horror.—But the foe,

Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
 Pursues her close through every lane of life,
 Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
 'Till forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
 At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

3. Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
 What a strange moment must it be, when near
 Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
 That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
 To tell what's doing on the other side!
4. Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,
 And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
 For part they must, body and soul must part;
 Fond couple; link'd more close than wedded pair.
 This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
 The witness of its actions, now its judge;
 That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
 Like a disabled pitcher of no use.



LESSON LII.

The same continued.

1. On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long-livers
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
 Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time: as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours.—O! more than sottish,
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
 Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
 The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
2. Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless, unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
 What but a spacious burial field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?

3. The very turf on which we tread, once liv'd;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses
 To cover our own offspring:—In their turns
 They too must cover their's.—'Tis here all meet.
 The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.

4. Here the proud prince, and favourite, yet prouder,
 His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd,
 The great negociators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,
 Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts.
 Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.

5. Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the cruel tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm; and, quick as thought, escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo and the bubbling stream,
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love)
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue.

6. Here friends and foes
 Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-rob'd Prelate, and plain Presbyter,
 Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock had split.

7. Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
 And jovial youth, lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill tongu'd shrew,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.

8. Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
 The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
 The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

LESSON LIII.

The same continued.

1. But know, that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high int'rest too.—They are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brasen trump,
Of strong lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light and liberty.—
2. Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge.—We know
Th' illustrious deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd.
3. Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'st not hold:—Self-vigorous he rose,
And shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left.—This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n.
4. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince,
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train.—It was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
5. Death only lies between.—A gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:
But nor untrud, nor tedious: the fatigues

Will soon go off.—Besides, there's no by-road
 To bliss.—Then, why, like ill-condition'd children,
 Start we at transient hardships in the way
 That leads to purer air, and softer skies,
 And a ne'er setting sun?—Fools that we are!
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
 But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.

6. So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
 This moment resolute, next unresolv'd:
 At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
 His fears redouble, and he runs away
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
 And smiled so sweet of late.

7. Thrice welcome death!
 That after many a painful bleeding step
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
 On the long wish'd for shore.—Prodigious change!
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death, disarm'd,
 Loses his fellness quite.—All thanks to him
 Who scourg'd the venom out.—Sure the last end
 Of the good man is peace! How calm his exit!
 Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

8. Behold him in the evening tide of life,
 A life well spent, whose early care it was
 His riper years should not upbraid his green:
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
 (High in his faith and hopes) look how he reaches
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away;
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast ecoming harvest.

9. Then!—O then!
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O! how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
 'Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh

Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.

10. Nor shall it hope in vain. The time draws on,
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate:—And faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzl'd, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
11. Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd,
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more, nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

BLAIR.



LESSON LIV.

On the Importance of Religion to the Young.

1. It is a common prejudice, arising from very erroneous views of the nature of religion, to think that it is chiefly intended for the aged, the miserable, and the sick, and not for the young, the vigorous, and the happy. Religion is designed for our consolation, it is true; but it is also intended for our guidance and restraint; for the enlargement and direction of our views, and the progressive purification and exaltation of our natures.

2. But all these objects are as necessary, and ought to be as interesting, to the young, as to the mature. When, indeed, do we feel the necessity of all our good principles to restrain and guide us *most?* Is it in the advance of life, when the first warmth of our wishes is cooled, and a sober selfishness, if nothing else, will preserve us from all wild excess? Or is it not at that season when passion rolls her impetuous tides through our veins; when desires, yet unpalled by gratification, are rebels to our reason; and when the bitter consequences of guilt have not taught us to shun it?

3. If, too, you admit that any alteration *ought to be* made in our plans of life, in consequence of believing that there is a world of retribution to follow it, what season so proper for the exertion of this influence as that when our plans may be so arranged, that they shall *need* no alteration? How far better must it be, to set out in the career of life originally right, than to suffer the pain and mortification of being compelled to retrace our steps.

4. How important, also, is it to our happiness, to be early taught by religion to estimate the world at its proper value; to regard it as a school of virtue, more than a festival of pleasure; a scene of high duties, not of unmixed gratifications; to be warned beforehand, that we shall have much to suffer, as well as to enjoy; and thus to be preserved from those cruel disappointments, which sadden the days of those, who have indulged such extravagant hopes of felicity, as this state was never intended to realize.

5. In short, unless you are prepared to say, that the ardour of youthful passion needs no restraint; that the extravagance of youthful hopes needs no correction; and that the arrangement of life is not to be affected by the views which religion gives of its true design, you *must* admit, that religion is never more necessary than in the season of youth.

6. Another consideration is, that religion may be most *easily* and permanently engrafted on the mind in youth. The soul is not yet filled with the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches. It is not yet torn by ambition, and tortured by envy. It is not yet agitated by the tempests of politics, or swallowed up in the whirlpool of fashionable dissipation.

7. It is not yet so bound down to the pursuits of the world, as to leave it no leisure for the thought of heaven. Those sublime views which religion reveals, if permitted to enter the mind, will not find the place, which they ought to possess, preoccupied by merely terrestrial cares. The soul is yet white, and fair, and unsullied. Seize, then, this precious moment, to engrave on it the everlasting characters of celestial truth.

8. But not only is the *mind* most open to religion in youth; the *heart*, also, is then most susceptible of its sacred influence. The fetters of habit are not yet bound around us. That tendency of our nature to settle in the course which we have long pursued, not only does not yet

obstruct the power of religion, but may be brought to lend its aid to enthrone piety for ever in the breast.

9. But unless this law of our constitution is early made the friend of religion, it will become its most formidable foe. There is a constantly increasing indisposition to change, produced by the influence of habit. The longer the invitations of religion are neglected, the more unsusceptible does the soul become of its impressions. The repetition of the same arguments and the same resistance, of the same calls and the same excuses, renders us more and more fixed and easy in sin.

10. The breast no longer smarts with remorse; the old scruples are no longer felt; the language of the scriptures, and the remonstrances of conscience, strike more and more faintly on the ear; till, at length, the heart becomes callous, seared, completely selfish, and thoroughly worldly; outgrows every thing but its insensibility to religious truth, and no longer has hope or resolution left.

THACHER.



LESSON LV.

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

1. In the death of Jefferson and Adams there is a very remarkable coincidence of facts and circumstances. They were both bred to the bar—both patriots of the first order—both signers and advocates of the Declaration of Independence, both espoused the cause of liberty, with all their powers, during the revolutionary struggle—both were foreign ministers, and both were American Presidents.

2. They both lived beyond the ordinary time allotted for the life of man—the health of both had been declining and had threatened their dissolution—and on the memorable fourth of July, the Jubilee of American Freedom, while the cannon's peal was roaring, the trump of jubilee sounding, the acclamations of joy floating in the heavens, and while gratitude filled the hearts and praises employed the tongues of ten millions of free people, at that very moment, (wonderful to relate,) these hoary-headed compatriots, were first cheered by freedom's joyful sound, and then both their wheels were broken at the cistern and ceased to move.

3. These strange events are to be resolved into the sovereign will of Him who disposes all events, who is the dis-

penser of every comfort and mercy and who will do right. It was His good pleasure to preserve the lives of these eminent apostles of liberty, and to give them the vision of that noted day, and to enable them (in their own language) to breathe its free air. But the ways of Providence are far above the ken of mortal, finite creatures.

4. That these great men were fallible, is a truth which none will controvert. To find a being faultless you must rise above this world. Let us then bury the faults of our fathers with them—let us endeavour to imitate their virtues, and to profit by their wise precepts and examples.

5. Let us, in a word, make a wise improvement of all the dealings of Jehovah with his creatures upon the earth, however dark and mysterious they may seem to us. One generation goeth and another cometh. We have succeeded to our fathers, and we shall presently be succeeded by another generation. Let us then, my dear friends and fellow-citizens, act well our parts and we shall find our reward.

6. And now, may the fame of the illustrious patriarchs whose loss we this day deplore, be as perpetual as time—may the monument of freedom which they have contributed to erect in our land, be as durable as the mountains—and may the tree of liberty which has been planted in our soil, and which has flourished for half a century, continue to flourish as the palm tree, to grow as the cedars of Lebanon, and as an evergreen, to continue its verdure until time shall be no more.

H. POTTER.



LESSON LVI.

On the Waste of Life.

1. Amergus was a gentleman of good estate; he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch; and as many were dissolved in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humour.—Thus he made a shift to wear off ten years of his life since the paternal estate fell into his hands.

2. One evening as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his being, and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these offerings; and he set himself to compute what he had consumed since he came to the age of man.

3. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb of black cattle, that I might have the choicest parts offered weekly upon my table.

4. "Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the forest has supplied me with. Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast, and of the smaller fry some thousands. A measure of corn would hardly suffice me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many casks of wine and other liquors have I consumed! And what have I done all this time for God and man? What a vast profusion of good things upon a useless life!"

5. "There is not the meanest creature among all these, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honour than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

6. In short, he carried on his moral reflections with so just and severe a force of reason, as constrained him to change his whole course of life; to break off his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian; he died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

7. The world, that knew the whole series of his life, were amazed at the mighty change. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed an

adored the Divine power and mercy which had thus transformed him. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle* upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency to usefulness?

FRANKLIN.

LESSON LVII.

Napoleon's Farewell.

1. Farewell to the land where the gloom of my glory
Arose and o'ershadowed the earth with her name—
She abandons me now,—but the page of her story,
The brightest or blackest, is filled with my fame.
I have warr'd with a world which vanquished me only
When the meteor of conquest allured me too far;
I have coped with the nations who dread me thus lonely,
The last single captive to millions in war!
2. Farewell to thee, France! when thy diadem crown'd ~~thee~~,
I made thee the gem and the wonder of earth,—
But thy weakness decrees I should leave as I found thee,
Decayed in thy glory and sunk in thy worth.
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were wasted
In strife with the storm, when their battles were won—
Then the eagle, whose gaze at that moment was blasted,
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's sun!
3. Farewell to thee, France! but when liberty rallies
Once more in thy regions, remember me then—
The violet still grows in the depth of thy valleys;
Though wither'd, thy tears will unfold it again:
Yet, yet I may baffle the hosts that surround us,
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my voice—
There are links which must break in the chain which
has bound us,
Then turn thee, and call on the chief of thy choice.

BYRON.

LESSON LVIII.

Pleadings in Behalf of Suffering Genius.

1. While millions weep at scenes of fancied wo,
And Fiction's wand dissolves the sternest hearts;
O'er bosoms sordid, vicious, and unkind,
The charm of pure and generous feeling throws,
And kindles in the miser's frozen veins
A transient glow of sympathising zeal;
2. Shall actual want, and wretchedness unfeigned,
Pour forth their suppliant wail, nor find relief?
Shall these not waken in the public breast
A livelier throb—an interest more intense—
Than all the magic pomp of scenic grief—
Than all the bleeding phantoms of the mind?
3. In plaintive tones a cry of anguish comes
From misery's drear abode, and pleads for help,
While meek-eyed Pity's pale seraphic form
Is hovering near to urge the tender suit.—
No common suffering wrings her thrilling breast—
No feeble claims enlist her kindness now.—
Upon a dying Poet's wasting frame,
And visage wan, her streaming eye is turned.
4. To you—his brethren—she her prayer prefers—
That yet the waning spark which warms his heart
May feel your generous bounty's kindling touch,
And still a little longer pour its light—
The light of living genius—o'er the land
Which he with all a Poet's ardour loves.
5. And shall not Pity's sacred voice prevail?
Repair with her to yonder wretched couch
In poverty's obscure and cheerless shed,
Where Freedom's minstrel, broken-hearted, lies,
And clasps with feeble arm his mourning lyre.
6. See there the weeping Muses round him hang,
And still with their inspiring beams illume
His haggard cheek, and rouse his fainting pulse;
While he, in many a sorrow-breathing lay,
Their soothing care, and tuneful influence owns.
7. But ah! no strains of happiness are heard
Commingling now with his melodious song.—
No gleams of earthly joy break through the gloom

Which hovers round, and chills his anguished soul;
 E'en Hope has ceased to smile upon the wreck
 Of promised bliss that cheered his brighter days.

* * * * *

8. Not his the verse that virtue must condemn:
 No reptiles through its flowery chaplets wind,
 In sly concealment, beauty's heart to sting:
 It gilds no baneful sentiments of vice,
 Nor seeks to cover aught impure in thought;
9. But, e'en his light and wildest juvenile strain,
 The young and innocent may safely read;
 And virgin loveliness may chant his song,
 Nor blush to own it yields her ear delight.
10. Religion, free from ostentatious pride,
 Sectarian bigotry, and priestly guile;
 The simple, pure religion taught by Christ—
 Composed of meekness, charity, and love,
 And speaking forth its faith sincere, in *works*—
 Received the humble homage of his Muse.
11. And shall he perish in this Christian land—
 His mother-land—whose weal—to him so dear—
 He sought with all a patriot minstrel's zeal,
 To heighten and confirm? Shall he, for bread
 And raiment, perish midst her garnered stores?
12. Will she, whose bounty ne'er refused to flow
 In aidance of a suffering stranger's wants—
 Whose mercy, even in the battle storm,
 Where vengeful passions rage through flames and blood,
 Has always listened to a suppliant foe,
 Relieved his pains, and steeped his wounds in tears;
13. Whose gates against the poor of other climes
 Were never barred—whose wide-extended arms—
 Beneficent, humane, and generous laws,
 Invite the houseless exile to a home,
 And all the happiness that freedom yields—
 Will she her languishing and helpless Bard
 Deny the little boon for which he pleads?
14. Since Coffin's name must swell the mournful list
 Of Poets, whom misfortune has not spared,
 Save, save him, Heaven! from that most wretched doom
 Which closed the poor unfriended Otway's days;
 Nor add his name to that more awful roll
 Where Chatterton and Carey lead the band!

15. And O! protect him from the dreadful fate
 Which rent and shattered the seraphic lyre
 By Collins to celestial measures woke—
 And crushed the fabric of his splendid mind!



LESSON LIX.

The same continued.

1. And must this hapless child of genius starve?
 O! what is wealth in hands that will not save
 From want's benumbing blast a mind like his?
 A mind with fancy's richest stores replete—
 Conceptions tender, beautiful and pure!
2. Can man in barren piles of golden dust,
 Amassed for pomp and show alone, delight,
 Nor yield a grain to sooth a brother's woes?
 Can human hearts regard with higher joy
 Their richly furnished domes, and spreading farms,
 Than happy souls from pain and want relieved
 By their own noble deeds?
3. Can life be sweet—
 Can conscience wear an angel's form to him—
 And dreams of pleasure round his pillow smile—
 Who, while his riches feed his selfish pride,
 And rise like frozen mountains in the sun,
 A cold, inhospitable, glittering mass!
 Can see a son of genius pine and die
 In penury, nor share with him a part—
 One little part—of all his useless pelf?
4. Can parents hear the sufferer's mournful wail
 And keep the fountains of their pity closed?
 Think, fathers! mothers, think! those darling babes
 In whom your hopes—and bliss—concentre now—
 Around whose little hearts your life-strings twine,
 May yet be doomed to drink the bitter wave
 That gushes from misfortune's sable urn.
5. They, too, although their morning opens bright,
 May feel affliction's tempests round them beat,
 Long ere their noon of life has come; and clouds,
 Black clouds, may darken their descending sun.
6. They, too, when your devoted hearts are cold,
 And pulseless, in the tomb—in helpless wo—

Poor shivering outcasts from the domes of wealth,
 Without one breast of kindred softness near
 To melt for them—may raise their suppliant cry
 For food and shelter for their starving frames.
 Be generous, then, to the dependent Bard,
 And righteous Heaven your bounty will return
 In copious blessings on your offspring showered.

D. BRYAN.



LESSON LX.

Description of a Storm.

1. Once, at high noon, amidst a sultry calm,
 Looking around for comfort, I descried,
 Far on the green horizon's utmost verge,
 A wreath of cloud; to me a glad discovery,
 For each new image sprang a new idea,
 The germ of thoughts to come, that could not die.
2. The little vapour rapidly expanded,
 Lowering and thickening till it hid the sun,
 And threw a starless night upon the sea.
 Eagerly, tremblingly, I watch'd the end.
 Faint gleam'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal;
 Dreary and hollow moans foretold a gale;
3. Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind,
 Unprison'd, blew its trumpet loud and shrill;
 Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain
 Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder
 Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven:
 Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness,
 Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all
 The voices of the storm beside.
4. Meanwhile
 A war of mountains raged upon his surface;
 Mountains each other swallowing, and again
 New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys
 Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons
 Of earth,—giants, rebounding as new-born
 From every fall on their unwearied mother.
5. I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife:
 Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges:
 Above the array of lightnings, like the swords

Of cherubim, wide brandish'd, to repel
 Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes
 Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss.

6. The voice of Him who walks upon the wind,
 And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked
 The headlong tempest in its mid-career,
 And turn'd its horrors to magnificence.
7. The evening sun broke through the embattled clouds,
 And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,
 A radiant girdle, binding them to peace,
 In the full rainbow's harmony of beams;
 No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,
 That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,
 And underarch'd the ocean. 'Twas a scene,
 That left itself for ever on my mind.

MONTGOMERY.



LESSON LXI.

Character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

1. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn: and, whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution.

2. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history, nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for explanation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people; nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

3. Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing-room,—with the mob or the levee,—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the iron crown,—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg,—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic,—he was still the same military despot!

4. Cradled in the camp, he was, to the last hour, the darling of the army; and, whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well, that, if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that, if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder.

5. For the soldier, he subsidized every body; to the people he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted.

6. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters,—the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy,—the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the protection of learning!—the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.*

7. Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never before united in the same character. A Royalist, a Republican, and an Emperor,—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue,—a Subaltern and a Sovereign,—a Traitor and a Tyrant,—a Christian and an Infidel,—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original,—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self,—the man without a model, and without a shadow.

8. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation; in short, his whole history was like a dream to the world, and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie. Such is a faint and feeble picture of Napoleon Bonaparte.

9. That he has done much evil, there is little doubt; that he has been the origin of much good, there is just as little. Through his means, intentional or not, Spain, Portugal, and France, have risen to the blessings of a free constitution: Superstition has found her grave in the ruins of the

* Sir H. Davy.

Inquisition; and the feudal system, with its whole train of tyrannic satellites, has fled for ever.

10. Kings may learn from him, that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people: the people are taught by him, that there is no despotism so stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and, to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest. PHILLIPS.



LESSON LXII.

A Portrait of Lord Byron.

1. A man of rank, and of capacious soul;
Who riches had, and fame beyond desire:
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet not content with ancestral name;
Or to be known, because his fathers were;
2. He on this height hereditary stood,
And gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of Song—the lofty seat
Of canonized bards; and thitherward,
By Nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth, he bent his eagle eye.
3. No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read:
What sage to hear, he heard: what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling school-boy days,
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks;
And maids, as dew-drops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody, and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
4. He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp:
And mused alone on ancient mountain brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days; and mused on ruins gray
With years: and drank from old and fabulous wells;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs; and on the wave
Of ocean mused; and on the desert waste.

5. He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
 And opened new fountains in the human heart.
 Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
 In other men, his fresh as morning rose,
 And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
 Where angels bashful looked.

6. Others, though great,
 Beneath their argument seemed struggling; whiles
 He from above descending, stooped to touch
 The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
 It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
 He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
 At will with all her glorious majesty.

7. Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appennines,
 And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
 And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
 In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
 Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
 Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed—
 Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
 His evening song, beneath his feet, conversed.

8. Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
 Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and
 storms,
 His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
 As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
 The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
 All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
 All creeds; all seasons, Time, Eternity;
 All that was hated, and all that was dear;
 All that was hoped, all that was feared by man,
 He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves,
 Then smiling looked upon the wreck he made.

9. With terror now he froze the cowering blood;
 And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
 Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
 But back into his soul retired, alone,
 Dark, sullen, proud: gazing contemptuously
 On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
 So Ocean from the plains, his waves had late

To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

POLLOK.



LESSON LXIII.

Eulogy on William Penn.

1. William Penn stands the first among the lawgivers, whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare him with Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow-men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions?

2. Interrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see William Penn, with weaponless hand, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations, whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow-men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust.

3. See them bury their tomahawks, in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them, under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock, extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then, with his companions, establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality, and universal love, and adopting, as the fundamental maxim of his government, the rule handed down to us from heaven, *Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to men.*

4. Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon,—an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or, if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear,

or, if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness.

The character of William Penn alone sheds a never-fading lustre on our history

Du PONCEAU.



LESSON LXIV.

The Elder's Funeral.

1. How beautiful to the eye and to the heart rise up, in a pastoral region, the green, silent hills from the dissolving snow-wreaths that yet linger at their feet! A few warm, sunny days, and a few breezy and melting nights, have seemed to create the sweet season of spring out of the winter's bleakest desolation.

2. We can scarcely believe that such brightness of verdure could have been shrouded in the snow, blending itself, as it now does, so vividly with the deep blue of heaven. With the revival of nature, our own souls feel restored. Happiness becomes milder, meeker, and richer in pensive thought; while sorrow catches a faint tinge of joy, and reposes itself on the quietness of earth's opening breast.

3. Then is youth rejoicing, manhood sedate, and old age resigned. The child shakes his golden curls in his glee; he of riper life hails the coming year with temperate exultation, and the eye, that has been touched with dimness, in the general spirit of delight, forgets or fears not the shadows of the grave.

4. On such a vernal day as this did we, who had visited the Elder on his death-bed, walk together to his house in the Hazel-glen, to accompany his body to the place of burial. On the night he died, it seemed to be the dead of winter. On the day he was buried, it seemed to be the birth of spring. The old pastor and I were alone for a while, as we pursued our path up the glen, by the banks of the little burn.

5. It had cleared itself off from the melted snow, and ran so pellucid a race, that every stone and pebble was visible in its yellow channel. The willows, the alders, and the birches, the fairest and the earliest of our native hill trees, seemed almost tinged with a verdant light, as if they were budding; and beneath them, here and there,

peeped out, as in the pleasure of new existence, the primrose, lonely, or in little families and flocks.

6. The bee had not yet ventured to leave his cell, yet the flowers reminded one of his murmur. A few insects were dancing in the air, and here and there some little moorland bird, touched at the heart with the warm, sunny change, was piping his love-sweet song among the braes.

7. It was just such a day as a grave, meditative man, like him we were about to inter, would have chosen to walk over his farm in religious contentinent with his lot. That was the thought that entered the pastor's heart, as we paused to enjoy one brighter gleam of the sun in a little meadow-field of peculiar beauty.

8. "This is the last day of the week, and on that day often did the Elder walk through this little happy kingdom of his own, with some of his grandchildren beside and around him, and often his Bible in his hand. It is, you feel, a solitary place; all the vale is one seclusion; and often have its quiet bounds been a place of undisturbed meditation and prayer."

9. We now came in sight of the cottage, and beyond it the termination of the glen. There the high hills came sloping gently down; and a little waterfall, in the distance, gave animation to a scene of perfect repose. We were now joined by various small parties coming to the funeral through openings among the hills; all sedate, but none sad, and every greeting was that of kindness and peace.

10. The Elder had died full of years; and there was no need why any out of his own household should weep. A long life of piety had been beautifully closed; and, therefore, we were all going to commit the body to the earth, assured, as far as human beings may be so assured, that the soul was in heaven.

11. As the party increased on our approach to the house, there was even cheerfulness among us. We spoke of the early and bright promise of spring; of the sorrows and the joys of other families; of marriages and births; of the new school-master; of to-morrow's Sabbath.

12. There was no topic, of which, on any common occasion, it might have been fitting to speak, that did not now perhaps occupy, for a few moments, some one or other of the group, till we found ourselves ascending the green sward before the cottage, and stood before the bare branches

of the sycamores. Then we were all silent, and, after a short pause, reverently entered into the house of death.

13. At the door, the son received us with a calm, humble, and untroubled face; and, in his manner towards the old minister, there was something that could not be misunderstood, expressing penitence, gratitude, and resignation. We all sat down in the large kitchen; and the son decently received each person at the door, and showed him to his place.

14. There were some old, gray heads, more becoming gray, and many bright in manhood and youth. But the same solemn hush was over them all; and they sat all bound together in one uniting and assimilating spirit of devotion and faith. Wine and bread were to be sent round; but the son looked to the old minister, who rose, lifted up his withered hand, and began a blessing and a prayer.

15. There was so much composure and stillness in the old man's attitude, and something so affecting in his voice, tremulous and broken, not in grief but age, that, no sooner had he begun to pray, than every heart and every breath at once was hushed. All stood motionless, nor could one eye abstain from that placid and patriarchal countenance, with its closed eyes, and long, silvery hair.

16. There was nothing sad in his words, but they were all humble and solemn, and at times even joyful in the kindling spirit of piety and faith. He spoke of the dead man's goodness as imperfect in the eyes of his Great Judge, but such as, we were taught, might lead, through intercession, to the kingdom of heaven.

17. Might the blessing of God, he prayed, which had so long rested on the head now coffined, not forsake that of him who was now to be the father of this house. There was more joy, we were told, in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.

18. Fervently, too, and tenderly, did the old man pray for her, in her silent chamber, who had lost so kind a parent, and for all the little children round her knees. Nor did he end his prayer without some allusion to his own gray hairs, and to the approaching day on which many then present would attend his burial.

LESSON LXV.

The same continued.

1. Just as he ceased to speak, one solitary, stifled sob was heard, and all eyes turned kindly round to a little boy who was standing by the side of the Elder's son. Restored once more to his own father's love, his heart had been insensibly filled with peace since the old man's death. The returning tenderness of the living came in place of that of the dead, and the child yearned towards his father now with a stronger affection, relieved, at last, from all his fear.

2. He had been suffered to sit an hour each day beside the bed on which his grandfather lay shrouded, and he had got reconciled to the cold, but silent and happy looks of death. His mother and his Bible told him to obey God, without repining, in all things; and the child did so with perfect simplicity.

3. One sob had found its way at the close of that pathetic prayer; but the tears that bathed his glistening cheeks were far different from those that, on the day and night of his grandfather's decease, had burst from the agony of a breaking heart. The old minister laid his hand silently upon his golden head; there was a momentary murmur of kindness and pity over the room; the child was pacified; and again all was repose and peace.

4. A sober voice said that all was ready, and the son and the minister led the way reverently out into the open air. The bier stood before the door, and was lifted slowly up with its sable pall. Silently each mourner took his place. The sun was shining pleasantly, and a gentle breeze, passing through the sycamores, shook down the glittering rain-drops upon the funeral velvet.

5. The small procession, with an instinctive spirit, began to move along; and as I cast up my eyes to take a farewell look of that beautiful dwelling, now finally left by him who so long had blessed it, I saw, at the half open lattice of the little bed-room window above, the pale, weeping face of that stainless matron, who was taking her last passionate farewell of the mortal remains of her father, now slowly receding from her to the quiet field of graves.

6. We proceeded along the edges of the hills, and along the meadow-fields, crossed the old wooden bridge over the

burn, now widening in its course to the plain; and in an hour of pensive silence, or pleasant talk, we found ourselves entering, in a closer body, the little gateway of the church-yard. To the tolling of the bell we moved across the green mounds, and arranged ourselves, according to the plan and order which our feelings suggested, around the bier and its natural supporters.

7. There was no delay. In a few minutes the Elder was laid among the mould of his forefathers, in their long-ago chosen spot of rest. One by one the people dropped away, and none were left by the new-made grave but the son and his little boy, the pastor and myself. As yet nothing was said, and in that pause I looked around me, over the sweet burial ground.

8. Each tombstone and grave, over which I had often walked in boyhood, arose in my memory as I looked steadfastly upon their long-forgotten inscriptions; and many had since then been erected. The whole character of the place was still simple and unostentatious; but, from the abodes of the dead, I could see that there had been an improvement in the condition of the living.

9. There was a taste visible in their decorations, not without much of native feeling, and, occasionally, something even of native grace. If there was any other inscription than the name and age of the poor inhabitants below, it was, in general, some short text of Scripture; for it is most pleasant and soothing to the pious mind, when bereaved of friends, to commemorate them on earth by some touching expression taken from that book, which reveals to them a life in heaven.

10. There is a sort of gradation, a scale of forgetfulness, in a country church-yard, where the processes of nature are suffered to go on over the green place of burial, that is extremely affecting in the contemplation. The soul goes, from the grave just covered up to that which seems scarcely joined together, on and on to those folded and bound by the undisturbed verdure of many, many unremembered years.

11. It then glides at last into nooks and corners where the ground seems perfectly calm and waveless; utter oblivion having smoothed the earth over the long mouldered bones. Tombstones, on which the inscriptions are hidden in green obliteration, or that are mouldering, or falling to a side, are close to others which last week were brushed by the

chisel:—constant renovation and constant decay; vain attempts to adhere to memory, and oblivion now baffled and now triumphant, smiling among all the memorials of human affection, as they keep continually crumbling away into the world of undistinguishable dust and ashes.



LESSON LXVI.

The same continued.

1. The church-yard, to the inhabitants of a rural parish, is the place to which, as they grow older, all their thoughts and feelings turn. The young take a look of it every Sabbath-day, not always perhaps a careless look, but carry away from it, unconsciously, many salutary impressions. What is more pleasant than the meeting of a rural congregation in the church-yard before the minister appears?

2. What is there to shudder at in lying down, sooner or later, in such a peaceful and sacred place, to be spoken of frequently on Sabbath among the groups of which we used to be one, and our low burial-spot to be visited, at such times, as long as there remains on earth any one to whom our face was dear!

3. To those who mix in the strife and dangers of the world, the place is felt to be uncertain wherein they may finally lie at rest. The soldier, the sailor, the traveller, can only see some dim grave dug for him, when he dies, in some place obscure, nameless, and unfixed to imagination. All he feels is, that his burial will be—on earth or in the sea.

4. But the peaceful dwellers, who cultivate their paternal acres, or tilling at least the same small spot of soil, shift only from a cottage on the hill side to one on the plain, still within the bounds of one quiet parish,—they look to lay their bones, at last, in the burial place of the kirk in which they were baptized, and with them it almost literally is but a step from the cradle to the grave.

5. Such were the thoughts that calmly followed each other in my reverie, as I stood beside the Elder's grave, and the trodden grass was again lifting up its blades from the pressure of many feet, now all but a few departed.

What a simple burial had it been! Dust was consigned to dust—no more.

6. It is left to the soul itself to consecrate, by its passion, the mould over which tears, but no words, are poured. Surely there is a beauty in this; for the heart is left unto its own sorrow, according as it is a friend, a brother, a parent, or a child, that is covered up from our eyes. Yet call not other rites, however different from this, less beautiful or pathetic. For willingly does the soul connect its grief with any consecrated ritual of the dead.

7. Sound or silence, music, hymns, psalms, sable garments, or raiment white as snow, all become holy symbols of the soul's affection; nor is it for any man to say which is the most natural, which is the best of the thousand shows, and expressions, and testimonies of sorrow, resignation and love, by which mortal beings would seek to express their souls, when one of their brethren has returned to his parent dust.

8. My mind was recalled from all these sad, yet not unpleasant fancies, by a deep groan, and I beheld the Elder's son fling himself down upon the grave, and kiss it passionately, imploring pardon from God.

9. "I distressed my father's heart in his old age; I repented, and received thy forgiveness even on thy death bed! But how may I be assured that God will forgive me for having so sinned against my old, gray-headed father, when his limbs were weak and his eye-sight dim!" The old minister stood at the head of the grave, without speaking a word, with his solemn and pitiful eyes fixed upon the prostrate and contrite man.

10. His sin had been great, and tears that till now had, on this day at least, been compressed within his heart by the presence of so many of his friends, now poured down upon the sod as if they would have found their way to the very body of his father.

11. Neither of us offered to lift him up, for we felt awed by the rueful passion of his love, his remorse, and his penitence; and nature, we felt, ought to have her way. "Fear not, my son,"—at length said the old man, in a gentle voice,—"fear not, my son, but that you are already forgiven. Dost thou not feel pardon within thy contrite spirit?"

12. He rose up from his knees with a faint smile, while the minister, with his white head yet uncovered, held his

hands over him as in benediction; and that beautiful and loving child, who had been standing in a fit of weeping terror at his father's agony, now came up to him, and kissed his cheek; holding in his little hand a few faded primroses, which he had unconsciously gathered together as they lay on the turf of his grandfather's grave.

WILSON.



LESSON LXVII.

Of Studies.

1. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one: but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned.

2. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much, for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

3. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

4. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.

5. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man;

and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

LORD BACON.



LESSON LXVIII.

Speech of Logan.

1. In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanese tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the river Kanhaway in quest of vengeance.

2. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river; and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire, killed every person in it.

3. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as the friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued.

4. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kenhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace.

5. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore:

6. "I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him no meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During

the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace.

7. "Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed by, and said, *Logan is the friend of white men.* I had even thought to have lived with you, had it not been for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children.

8. "There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan. Not one."

JEFFERSON.



LESSON LXIX.

St. Paul's Speech before King Agrippa.

1. I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews: especially as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

2. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews, who knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that, after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.

3. And I now stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers. Unto which promise, our twelve tribes, instantly serving God, day and night, hope to come; for which hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.

4. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth.

5. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem; and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests. And when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme. And being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities.

6. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me, and them who journeyed with me.

7. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And I said, Who art thou, Lord? And he said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest.

8. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light; and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them who are sanctified by faith which is in me.

9. Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me.

10. Having, therefore, obtained help from God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great; saying no other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first who should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON LXX.

Profane Swearing.

1. Few evil habits are of more pernicious consequence, or overcome with more difficulty, than that very odious one of profane cursing and swearing. It cannot be expected that the force of moral principles should be very strong upon any one who is accustomed, upon every trivial occasion, and frequently without any occasion at all, to slight the precepts and the character of the Supreme Being.

2. When we have lost any degree of respect for the Author of our existence, and the concerns of futurity, and can bring the most awful appellations into our slightest conversation, merely by way of embellishing our foolish and perhaps fallacious narratives, or to give a greater force to our little resentments, conscience will soon lose its influence upon our minds.

3. Nothing but the fear of disgrace, or a dread of human laws, will restrain any person, addicted to common swearing, from the most detestable perjury. For, if a man can be brought to trifle with the most sacred things, in his common discourse, he cannot surely consider them of more consequence when his interest leads him to swear falsely, for his own defence or emolument.

4. It is really astonishing how imperceptibly this vice creeps upon a person, and how rootedly he afterwards adheres to it. People generally begin with using only slight exclamations, and which seem hardly to carry the appearance of any thing criminal; and so proceed on to others, till the most shocking oaths become familiar.

5. And when once the habit is confirmed, it is rarely ever eradicated. The swearer loses the ideas which are attached to the words he makes use of, and, therefore, execrates his friend, when he means to bless him; and calls God to witness his intention of doing things, which he knows he has no thoughts of performing in reality.

6. A young gentleman, with whom I am intimately acquainted, and who possesses many excellent qualifications, but unhappily in a declining state of health, and evidently tending rapidly to the chambers of death, has been from his childhood so addicted to the practice of swearing in

his common conversation, that even now I am frequently shocked by his profaning the name of that sacred Being, before whom he, most probably, will soon be obliged to appear.

7. It must surely be exceedingly painful to a sensible heart, feeling for the best interests of a valuable friend, and otherwise excellent acquaintance, to observe the person he so highly regards, confirmed in such a shocking habit, even while standing in the most awful situation in which it is possible for a human creature to be placed.

8. Almost every other vice affords its votaries some pretences of excuse, from its being productive of present pleasure, or affording a prospect of future advantage; but the profane swearer cannot even say that he feels any satisfaction; or that he hopes to meet with any benefit from this foolish habit.

9. But let not the force of habit be urged as an excuse for its continuance. As well might the highwayman, who is unacquainted with any honest employment, expect on that account to be allowed to plunder every passenger he meets, with impunity. The following anecdote will prove that this habit is not so inveterate that it cannot instantly be checked.

10. In the presence of men who are his superiors, the swearer is never profane. Why did you cut short your oath? said a gentleman to a man who was notoriously profane. I was afraid the king, who was present, would hear me, said the swearer. Why, then, said the gentleman, do you not fear to be heard by the King of kings, who is always present?



LESSON LXXI.

The Blind Preacher: Extract from a Letter of the British Spy.

RICHMOND, OCTOBER 10, 1803.

1. I have been, my dear S , on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of

a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with, in the course of the tour.

2. It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

3. Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

4. The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour.

5. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that, in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

6. As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

7. He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison.

8. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

9. But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour: when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

10. It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall.

11. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

12. I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before, did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*.

13. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher: his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their

geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody.

14. You are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence:—“Socrates died like a philosopher”—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his “sightless balls” to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—“but Jesus Christ—like a God!” If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Wirt.



LESSON LXXII.

Charity to Orphans.

1. They whom God hath blessed with the means, and for whom he has done more, in blessing them likewise with a disposition, have abundant reason to be thankful to him, as the Author of every good gift, for the measure he hath bestowed to them of both: it is the refuge against the stormy wind and tempest, which he hath planted in our hearts; and the constant fluctuation of every thing in this world, forces all the sons and daughters of Adam to seek shelter under it by turns.

2. Guard it by entails and settlements as we will, the most affluent plenty may be stripped, and find all its worldly comforts, like so many withered leaves, dropping from us;—the crowns of princes may be shaken; and the greatest that ever awed the world have looked back and moralized upon the turn of the wheel.

3. That which has happened to one, may happen to every man: and, therefore, that excellent rule of our Saviour, in acts of benevolence, as well as every thing else, should govern us; *that whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also unto them.*

4. Hast thou ever lain upon a bed of languishing, or laboured under a distemper which threatened thy life? Call to mind thy sorrowful and pensive spirit at that time, and say, What was it that made the thoughts of death so bitter? If thou hast children, I affirm it, the bitterness of death lay there! If unbrought up, and unprovided for, What will become of them? Where will they find a friend when I am gone? Who will stand up for them, and plead their cause against the wicked?

5. Blessed God! to thee, who art a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the widow, I entrust them.

Hast thou ever sustained any considerable shock in thy fortune? or, has the scantiness of thy condition hurried thee into great straits, and brought thee almost to distraction? Consider what was it that spread a table in that wilderness of thought,—who made thy cup to overflow?

6. Was it not a friend of consolation who stepped in, saw thee embarrassed with tender pledges of thy love, and the partner of thy cares, took them under his protection—Heaven! thou wilt reward him for it!—and freed thee from all the terrifying apprehensions of a parent's love?

7. Hast thou—But how shall I ask a question which must bring tears into so many eyes? Hast thou ever been wounded in a more affecting manner still; by the loss of a most obliging friend, or been torn away from the embraces of a dear and promising child by the stroke of death? Bitter remembrance! Nature droops at it, but Nature is the same in all conditions and lots of life. A child, thrust forth in an evil hour, without food, without raiment, bereft of instruction, and the means of its salvation, is a subject of more tender heart-aches, and will awaken every power of Nature:—as we have felt for ourselves, let us feel for Christ's sake, let us feel for theirs.

STERNE.

LESSON LXXIII.

Christianity the Parent of Sublime Eloquence.

“ The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently, when he descends to human affairs.”

1. It was a very common inquiry among the ancients, why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences.

2. A friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals are the most fruitful in their generation; whereas, the species of those beasts that are fierce and mischievous to mankind, are but scarcely continued. But, leaving my friend to his mirth, I am of opinion, that in these latter ages, we have greater cause of complaint than the ancients had.

3. And since that solemn festival is approaching, which calls for all the power of oratory, and which affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any revelation has taught us, the design of this paper shall be to show, that our moderns have greater advantages towards true and solid eloquence, than any which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.

4. The first great and substantial difference is, that their common places, in which almost the whole force of amplification consists, were drawn from the profit or honesty of the action, as they regarded only this present state of duration.

5. But Christianity, as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it brings the consideration of another life into the question, as it proposes rewards and punishments of a higher nature and a longer continuance, is more adapted to affect the minds of the audience, naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its greatest interest and concern.

6. If Pericles, as historians report, could shake the firmest resolution of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a ferment, when the present welfare of his country, or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject; what may be expected from that orator, who warms his audience

against those evils which have no remedy, when once undergone, either from prudence or time?

7. As much greater as the evils in a future state are than these at present, so much are the motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than those which mere moral consideration could supply us with. But what I now mention relates only to the power of moving the affections. There is another part of eloquence, which is indeed its masterpiece; I mean the marvellous or sublime. In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond contradiction.

8. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prospect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the contemplation of such objects will give our discourse a noble vigour, an invincible force beyond the power of any human consideration.

9. Tully requires in his perfect orator, some skill in the nature of heavenly bodies, because, says he, his mind will become more extensive and unconfined; and when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will both think and write in a more exalted and magnificent manner.

10. For the same reason, that excellent master would have recommended the study of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior, as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state.

11. They had, indeed, some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body: but they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery; or, upon the same account that Apelles painted Antigonus with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece; so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature.

12. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one

awaked out of sleep; roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to conceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence.

13. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth, as he was, to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion of immortality, though it should be proved to be an erroneous one.

14. But if he had lived to see all that Christianity has brought to light, how would he have lavished out all the force of eloquence in those noblest contemplations which human nature is capable of—the resurrection and the judgment that follows it? How had his breast glowed with pleasure, when the whole compass of futurity lay open and exposed to his view?

15. How would his imagination have hurried him on in the pursuit of the mysteries of the incarnation? How would he have entered, with the force of lightning, into the affections of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon those glorious themes which his eloquence hath painted in such lively and lasting colours?



LESSON LXXIV.

The same continued.

1. This advantage Christians have; and it was with no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, "add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved."

2. As a heathen, he condemns the Christian Religion; and, as an impartial critic, he judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it. To me it seems, that the latter part of his judgment adds great weight to his opinion of St. Paul's abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinions directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge the merit of that apostle.

3. And no doubt, such as Longinus describes St. Paul, such he appeared to the inhabitants of those countries which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof of his eloquence, when the men of Lystra called him Mercury, "because he was the chief speaker," and would have paid divine worship to him, as to the god who invented and presided over eloquence.

4. This one account of our apostle sets his character, considered as an orator only, above all the celebrated relations of the skill and influence of Demosthenes and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking was admired, but still it was thought human: their eloquence warmed and ravished the hearers, but still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice of God. What advantage then had St. Paul above those of Greece or Rome?

5. I confess I can ascribe this excellence to nothing but the power of the doctrines he delivered, which may have still the same influence on the hearers; which have still the power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make us break out in the same expressions, as the disciples, who met our Saviour in their way to Emmaus, made use of: "Did not our hearts burn within us, when he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?"

6. I may be thought bold in my judgment by some; but I must affirm, that no one orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of his eloquence as our apostle. It may, perhaps, be wondered at, that, in his reasonings upon idolatry at Athens, where eloquence was born and flourished, he confines himself to strict argument only; but my reader may remember what many authors of the best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the affections and strokes of oratory were expressly forbidden by the laws of that country, in courts of judicature.

7. His want of eloquence, therefore, here, was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws: but his discourse on the resurrection to the Corinthians, his harangue before Agrippa upon his own conversion, and the necessity of that of others, are truly great, and may serve as full examples to those excellent rules for the sublime, which the best of critics has left us.

8. The sum of all this discourse is, that our clergy have

no further to look for an example of the perfection they may arrive at, than to St. Paul's harangues; that when he, under the want of several advantages of nature, as he himself tells us, was heard, admired, and made a standard to succeeding ages by the best judges of a different persuasion in religion, I say, our clergy may learn, that, however instructive their sermons are, they are capable of receiving a great addition; which St. Paul has given them a noble example of, and the Christian religion has furnished them with certain means of attaining to.

ADDISON.



LESSON LXXV.

Extract from Mr. Wirt's Address,

On the occasion of the Celebration, by the citizens of Baltimore, of the late glorious Revolution in France.

1. Let us not fear that the light which has already gone forth will be extinguished. Tyrants might as well attempt to blot the sun from the firmament. They may attempt it; but "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn." The creatures formed for his worship will be permitted to worship him with exalted faculties and full liberty of conscience.

2. Placed here for their common good and happiness, and indued with minds and affections fitted for enlightened intercourse, and the mutual interchange of kind offices, let us not be so impious as to fear that the light which has arisen will be suffered to be put out and the world re-plunged in darkness and barbarity.

3. Fellow citizens, this light was first struck in our land. The sacred trust is still among us. Let us take care how we guard the holy fire. We stand under a fearful responsibility to our Creator and our fellow creatures. It has been his divine pleasure that we should be sent forth as the harbingers of free government on the earth, and in this attitude we are now before the world. The eyes of the world are upon us; and our example will probably be decisive of the cause of human liberty.

4. The great argument of despots against free governments is, that large bodies of men are incapable of self-rule, and that the inevitable and rapid tendency of such a gov-

ernment as ours is to faction, strife, anarchy and dissolution. Let it be our effort to give, to the expecting world, a great, practical, and splendid refutation of this charge. If we cannot do this, the world may despair. To what other nation can we look to do it?

5. We claim no *natural* superiority to other nations. We have not the folly to think of it. We claim nothing more than a *natural* equality. But circumstances have conspired to give us an advantage in making this great political experiment which no other modern nation enjoys. The government under which the fathers of our revolution were born was the freest in Europe.

6. They were rocked in the cradle and nurtured in the principles of British liberty: and the transition from those institutions to our own was extremely easy. They were maturely prepared for the change both by birth and education, and came into existence as a republic under the happiest auspices that can ever again be expected to arise. If, therefore, our experiment shall fail, I say again that the world may well despair.

7. Warned as we are by the taunts of European monarchists, and by the mournful example of all the ancient republics, are we willing to split on the same rock on which we have seen them shipwrecked? Are we willing to give our enemies such a triumph as to fulfil their prophecy and convince the world that self-government is impracticable—a mere chimera—and that man is fit only to be a slave to his fellow man?

8. Are we willing to teach the nations of the earth to despair, and resign themselves at once to the power that crushes them? Shall we forfeit all the bright honours that we have hitherto won by our example, and now admit by our conduct, that, although free government may subsist for a while, under the pressure of extrinsic and momentary causes, yet that it cannot bear a long season of peace and prosperity; but that as soon as thus left to itself, it speedily hastens to faction, demoralization, anarchy and ruin?

9. Are we prepared to make this practical admission by our conduct, and extinguish, ourselves, the sacred light of liberty, which has been entrusted to our keeping? Or, shall we not rather show ourselves worthy of this high trust, maintain the advanced post which we have hitherto occupied with so much honour, prove, by our example, that

a free government is the best pledge for peace and order and human happiness, and thus continue to light the other nations of the earth on their way to liberty?

10. Who can hesitate between these two alternatives? Who that looks upon that monument that decks the Park, and observes the statue by which it is surmounted, or on this that graces our Square, and recalls the occasion on which it was erected, is willing to admit that men are incapable of self-government, and unworthy of the blessing of liberty? No man, I am sure, who has an American heart in his bosom.

11. Away, then, with all faction, strife and uncharitableness from our land. We are brothers. Let no angry feelings enter our political dwellings. If we differ about measures or about men, (as, from the constitution of our nature, differ we must,) let us remember that we are all but fallible men, and extend to others that charity of which the best of us cannot but feel that we stand in need.

12. We owe this good temper and indulgence to each other as members of the same family, as all interested, and deeply interested, in the preservation of the Union and of our political institutions: and we owe it to the world as the *van-couriers* of free government on earth, and the guardians of the first altar that has been erected to Liberty in modern times. In the casual differences of opinion that must, from time to time, be expected to arise among us, it is natural that each should think himself right.

13. But let us be content to make that right appear by calm and respectful reasoning. Truth does not require the torch of discord to light her steps. Its flickering and baleful glare can only disturb her course. Her best light is her own pure and native lustre. Measures never lose any thing of their firmness by their moderation. They win their way as much by the candour and kindness with which they are conducted, as by their intrinsic rectitude.

14. Friends and fellow citizens, "our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places: yea, we have a goodly heritage." Let us not mar it by vindictive altercations among ourselves, and offend the shades of our departed fathers who left this rich inheritance to us. Let us not tinge with shame and sorrow, the venerable cheek of the last surviving signer of the Declaration of our Independence, whom heaven still spares to our respect and affections.

15. Let us not disappoint the world which still looks to us for a bright example, and is manifestly preparing to follow our steps. Let us not offend that Almighty Being who gave us all these blessings, and who has a right to expect that we will enjoy them in peace and brotherly love. It is His will that we should so enjoy them; and may his will be done.



LESSON LXXVI.

Dreams, Tokens of the Grandeur of the Soul.

While sleep oppresses the tired limb, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

Though there are many authors who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independence on matter.

2. In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied.

3. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case, dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she has laid her charge asleep.

4. In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to

observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself.

5. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity, that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed.

6. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

7. I shall under this head quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumbers of the body seem to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason: and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps.

8. "At my nativity, my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof.

9. "Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened souls a confused and broken tale of that which has passed.

10. "Thus it is observed, that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

11. We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we

are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion, likewise, as the excellent author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time when the body is thus laid at rest.

12. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable?

13. Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would not be in reality a king or beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?



LESSON LXXVII.

The same continued.

1. There is another circumstance, which, methinks, gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

2. But this observation I can only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am

infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus.

3. That all men whilst they are ~~swake~~ are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

4. I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of ~~divining~~ in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the Holy Writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane.

5. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

6. I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broken and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

7. The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm, these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

LESSON LXXVIII.

The Fearlessness of Conscious Innocence.

Extract from the Speech of Robert Emmet, before sentence of death was pronounced upon him

1. *My Lord*,—You ask me what I have to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me according to law? I have nothing to say, that can alter your pre-determination, or that will become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence, which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny, which has been heaped upon it.

2. I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged, that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No; I am no emissary—my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

3. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No; but for ambition! Oh, my country! was it personal ambition that influenced me—had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors.

4. My country was my idol—to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. No, my lord, I acted as an *Irishman*, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in patricide, whose rewards are the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendour, and a consciousness of depravity.

5. Connection with France was, indeed, intended—but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require;

were they to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. Were the French to come as invaders, or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength.

6. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country.

7. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass—the last spot in which the hope of freedom should desert me, there would I hold, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave.

8. I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy."

9. You do me honour overmuch—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior; there are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonoured to be called your friends—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand—[*Here he was interrupted.*]

10. What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

11. I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the in-

nocent blood that you have shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

12. My lord, you seem impatient for the sacrifice—the blood, for which you thirst, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim: it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous, that they cry to Heaven.

13. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished: my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence.

14. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and *other men* can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and not till then, let my epitaph be written—
I HAVE DONE!



LESSON LXXIX.

*Burial of Sir John Moore.**

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern, dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

* Who fell in the battle of Corunna, in Spain, 1808.

4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe would be rioting over his head,
 And we far away on the billow.

6. But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock told the hour for retiring;
 And we heard, by the distant random gun,
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

7. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
 But left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.



LESSON LXXX.

The Resistance of the Colonies Advocated.

Extract from Patrick Henry's Speech.

1. *Mr. President*,—I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House?

2. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir: it will prove a snare to your feet; suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation?

3. Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the imple-

ments of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

4. Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years.

5. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

6. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament.

7. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

8. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

9. The gentlemen who are opposed to our resisting with arms the aggressions of Great Britain, tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But, sir, when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are to-

tally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

10. Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

12. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

13. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!



LESSON LXXXI

The Death of Washington.

1. It is natural, my fellow citizens, that the gratitude of mankind should be drawn to their benefactors. A number of these have successively arisen, who were no less distinguished for the elevation of their virtues, than the lustre of their talents. Of those, however, who were born, and

who acted through life, as if they were born, not for themselves, but for their country and the whole human race, how few, alas! are recorded in the long annals of ages, and how wide the intervals of time and space that divide them.

2. In all this dreary length of way, they appear like five or six light-houses on as many thousand miles of coast; they gleam upon the surrounding darkness, with an inextinguishable splendour, like stars seen through a mist; but they are seen like stars, to cheer, to guide, and to save.

3. WASHINGTON is now added to that small number. Already he attracts curiosity, like a newly discovered star, whose benignant light will travel on to the world's and time's farthest bounds. Already his name is hung up by history as conspicuously, as if it sparkled in one of the constellations of the sky.

4. By commemorating his death, we are called this day to yield the homage that is due to virtue; to confess the common debt of mankind, as well as our own; and to pronounce for posterity, now dumb, that eulogium which they will delight to echo ten ages hence, when we are dumb.

5. I consider myself not merely in the midst of the citizens of this town, or even of the state. In idea, I gather round me the nation. In the vast and venerable congregation of the patriots of all countries and of all enlightened men, I would, if I could, raise my voice, and speak to mankind in a strain worthy of my audience, and as elevated as my subject.

6. But how shall I express emotions that are condemned to be mute, because they are unutterable? I felt, and I was witness, on the day when the news of his death reached us, to the throes of that grief that saddened every countenance, and wrung drops of agony from the heart. Sorrow laboured for utterance, but found none. Every man looked round for the consolation of other men's tears.

7. Gracious Heaven! what consolation! Each face was convulsed with sorrow for the past; every heart shivered with despair for the future. The man who, and who alone, united all hearts, was dead—dead, at the moment when his power to do good was the greatest, and when the aspect of the imminent public dangers seemed more than ever to render his aid indispensable, and his loss irreparable: irreparable—for two WASHINGTONS come not in one age.

F. AMES.

LESSON LXXXII.

The Old Servant.

1. The reflected light from the white cliffs of France, on which my eyes were fixed, made them appear to press forward on my sight; and while my imagination was taking a brisk from the Straits of Dover to the Mediterranean, and dropping a sigh over political necessity, I found I had thrown the reins of my horse on his neck, who had taken advantage of my inattention to pick up a little clover that grew by the way-side.

2. Nay, if it be thy will, old companion, says I, e'en take the other bite; the farmer will be never the poorer for the mouthful thou shalt carry away: did he know thy good qualities, he would let thee eat thy fill. I will not interrupt thy pleasurable moments; so, prithee, feed on. Long have I wished an occasion to record thy deserts, thou faithful old servant! It now presents itself, and thou shalt have a page in my book, though it provoke the sneer of the critic. It is thy due, for thou hast given me health.

3. Full many a year hast thou journeyed with me through the uneven ways of the world! We have tugged up many a steep hill, and borne the buffet of the tempest together! I have had the labours of thy youth, and thy age hath a claim on me, which, while I have sixpence in my pocket, I dare not refuse. Thou shalt not, when thy strength is exhausted, be consigned to poverty and toil! or, as thou passest by my door, lashed on by some unfeeling owner, look at me with the severe eye of reproach.

4. Had that Hand, which fashioned us both, endued thy species with the faculty of speech, with what bitterness of heart would they complain of the ingratitude of ours!

5. In the wide extent of the animal reign, there scarce exists an object from which man may not draw some useful hint: thou, my trusty friend, hast offered me no inconsiderable one; thou never aimedst to appear what thou wast not; a steady walk, or a cheerful trot, was all thou attemptest; nay, perhaps, it was as much as thy master himself aspired to; and, when remembrance shall be weighing thy merits, the scale shall turn in thy favour, when I reflect, that thou scornedst to desert the path of *nature* for the perilous one of *affectation!*

KEATE.

LESSON LXXXIII.

The Hatefulness of War.

1. Apart altogether from the evil of war, let us just take a direct look of it, and see whether we can find its character engraven on the aspect it bears to the eye of an attentive observer. The stoutest heart would recoil, were he who owns it to behold the destruction of a single individual by some deed of violence.

2. Were the man, who at this moment stands before you in the full play and energy of health, to be in another moment laid, by some deadly aim, a lifeless corpse at your feet, there is not one of you who would not prove how strong are the relentings of nature at a spectacle so hideous as death.

3. There are some of you who would be haunted for whole days by the image of horror you had witnessed,—who would feel the weight of a most oppressive sensation upon your heart, which nothing but time could wear away,—who would be so pursued by it as to be unfit for business or enjoyment,—who would think of it through the day, and it would spread a gloomy disquietude over your waking moments,—who would dream of it at night, and it would turn that bed, which you courted as a retreat from the torments of an ever-meddling memory, into a scene of restlessness.

4. But, generally, the death of violence is not instantaneous; and there is often a sad and dreary interval between its final consummation and the infliction of the blow which causes it. The winged messenger of destruction has not found its direct avenue to that spot where the principle of life is situated; and the soul, finding obstacles to its immediate egress, has to struggle for hours, ere it can make its dreary way through the winding avenues of that tenement, which has been torn open by a brother's hand.

5. O! if there be something appalling in the suddenness of death, think not that, when gradual in its advances, you will alleviate the horrors of this sickening contemplation by viewing it in a milder form.

6. O! tell me, if there be any relentings of pity in your bosom, how could you endure it, to behold the agonies of the dying man, as, goaded by pain, he grasps the cold

ground in convulsive energy,—or, faint with the loss of blood, his pulse ebbs low, and the gathering paleness spreads itself over his countenance,—or, wrapping himself round in despair, he can only mark, by a few feeble quiverings, that life still lurks and lingers in his lacerated body;—or lifting up a faded eye, he casts on you a look of imploring helplessness for that succour which no sympathy can yield him?

7. It may be painful to dwell on such a representation; but this is the way in which the cause of humanity is served. The eye of the sentimental^{ist} turns away from its sufferings, and he passes by on the other side, lest he hear that pleading voice, which is armed with a tone of remonstrance so vigorous as to disturb him.

8. He cannot bear thus to pause, in imagination, on the distressing picture of one individual: but multiply it ten thousand times,—say, how much of all this distress has been heaped together on a single field,—give us the arithmetic of this accumulated wretchedness, and lay it before us with all the accuracy of an official computation,—and, strange to tell, not one sigh is lifted up among the crowd of eager listeners, as they stand on tiptoe, and catch every syllable of utterance which is read them out of the registers of death.

9. O! say, what mystic spell is that which so blinds us to the suffering of our brethren,—which deafens to our ear the voice of bleeding humanity, when it is aggravated by the shriek of dying thousands,—which makes the very magnitude of the slaughter throw a softening disguise over its cruelties and its horrors,—which causes us to eye with indifference the field that is crowded with the most revolting abominations, and arrests that sigh, which each individual would singly have drawn from us, by the report of the many who have fallen, and breathed their last in agony, along with him!

10. I have no time, and assuredly as little taste, for expatiating on a topic so melancholy; nor can I afford, at present, to set before you a vivid picture of the other miseries which war carries in its train,—how it desolates every country through which it rolls, and spreads violation and alarm among its villages,—how, at its approach, every home pours forth its trembling fugitives,—how all the rights of property, and all the provisions of justice must give way

before its devouring exactions,—how, when Sabbath comes, no Sabbath charm comes along with it,—and for the sound of the church-bell which went to spread its music over some fine landscape of nature, and summon rustic worshippers to the house of prayer, nothing is heard but the deathful volleys of the battle, and the maddening outcry of infuriated men.

11. How, as the fruit of victory, an unprincipled licentiousness, which no discipline can restrain, is suffered to walk at large among the people,—and all that is pure, and reverend, and holy, in the virtue of families, is cruelly trampled on, and held in the bitterest derision. Were we to pursue those details, which no pen ever attempts, and no chronicle perpetuates, we should be tempted to ask, what that is which civilization has done for the character of the species.

CHALMERS.



LESSON LXXXIV.

The Torrid and Frigid Zones.

1. How oblique and faintly looks the sun on yonder climates, far removed from him! How tedious are the winters there! How deep the horrors of the night, and how uncomfortable even the light of day! The freezing winds employ their fiercest breath, yet are not spent with blowing. The sea, which elsewhere is scarcely confined within its limits, lies here immured in walls of crystal.

2. The snow covers the hills, and almost fills the lowest valleys. How wide and deep it lies, incumbent over the plains, hiding the sluggish rivers, the shrubs, and trees, the dens of beasts, and mansions of distressed and feeble men! See! where they lie confined, hardly secure against the raging cold, or the attacks of the wild beasts, now masters of the wasted field, and forced by hunger out of the naked woods.

3. Yet, not disheartened, (such is the force of human breasts,) but thus provided for, by art and prudence, the kind, compensating gifts of Heaven, men and their herds may wait for a release. For, at length, the sun, approaching, melts the snow, sets longing men at liberty, and affords them means and time to make provision against the next return of cold.

4. It breaks the icy fetters of the main; where vast sea-monsters pierce through floating islands with arms which

can withstand the crystal rock: while others, who of themselves seem great as islands, are, by their bulk, alone armed against all but man; whose superiority over creatures of such stupendous size and force should make him mindful of his privilege of reason, and force him humbly to adore the great Composer of these wondrous frames, the Author of his own superior wisdom.

5. But, leaving these dull climates, so little favoured by the sun, for those happier regions, on which he looks more kindly, making perpetual summer, how great an alteration do we find! His purer light confounds weak-sighted mortals, pierced by his scorching beams. Scarce can they tread the glowing ground. The air they breathe cannot enough abate the fire, which burns within their panting breasts.

6. Their bodies melt. Overcome and fainting, they seek the shade, and wait the cool refreshments of the night. Yet oft the bounteous Creator bestows other refreshments. He casts a veil of clouds before them, and raises gentle gales; favoured by which the men and beasts pursue their labours; and plants, refreshed by dews and showers, can gladly bear the warmest sunbeams.

SHAFESBURY.



LESSON LXXXV.

Anecdote of King Alfred.

1. Alfred had reduced his enemies, the Danes, to the utmost extremity. He hearkened, however, to new proposals of peace; and was satisfied to stipulate with them, that they would settle somewhere in England, and would not permit the entrance of more ravagers into the kingdom.

2. But, while he was expecting the execution of this treaty, which it seemed the interest of the Danes themselves to fulfil, he heard that another body had landed, and, having collected all the scattered troops of their countrymen, had surprised Chippenham, then a considerable town, and were exercising their usual ravages all around them.

3. This last incident quite broke the spirit of the Saxons, and reduced them to despair. Finding that, after all the miserable havoc which they had undergone in their persons and in their property; after all the vigorous actions which they had exerted in their own defence, a new band, equal

ly greedy of spoil and slaughter, had disembarked among them; they believed themselves abandoned by Heaven to destruction, and delivered over to those swarms of robbers, which the fertile north thus incessantly poured forth against them.

4. Some left their country, and retired into Wales, or fled beyond sea: others submitted to the conquerors, in hopes of appeasing their fury by a servile obedience. And, every man's attention being now engrossed in concern for his own preservation, no one would hearken to the exhortations of the king, who summoned them to make, under his conduct, one effort more in defence of their prince, their country, and their liberties.

5. Alfred himself was obliged to relinquish the ensigns of his dignity, to dismiss his servants, and to seek shelter in the meanest disguises, from the pursuit and fury of his enemies. He concealed himself under a peasant's habit, and lived some time in the house of a neat-herd, who had been intrusted with the care of some of his cows.

6. There passed here an incident which has been recorded by all the historians, and was long preserved by popular tradition; though it contains nothing memorable in itself, except so far as every circumstance is interesting, which attends so much virtue and dignity reduced to such distress.

7. The wife of the neat-herd was ignorant of the condition of her royal guest; and observing him one day busy, by the fireside, in trimming his bow and arrows, she desired him to take care of some cakes which were toasting, while she was employed elsewhere in other domestic affairs.

8. But Alfred, whose thoughts were otherwise engaged, neglected this injunction; and the good woman, on her return, finding her cakes all burnt, rated the king very severely, and upbraided him, that he always seemed very well pleased to eat her warm cakes; though he was thus negligent in toasting them.

9. By degrees, Alfred, as he found the search of the enemy become more remiss, collected some of his retainers, and retired into the centre of a bog, formed by the stagnating waters of the Thone and Parret, in Somersetshire.

10. He here found two acres of firm ground; and, building a habitation on them, rendered himself secure by its fortifications, and still more by the unknown and inaccessi

ble roads which led to it, and by the forests and morasses with which it was every way environed. This place he called Ethelingay, or the Isle of Nobles; and it now bears the name of Athelney.

11. Alfred lay here concealed, but not inactive, during a twelvemonth; when the news of a prosperous event reached his ears, and called him to the field. He left his retreat; but, before he would assemble his subjects in arms, or urge them to any attempt, which, if unfortunate, might, in their present despondency, prove fatal, he resolved to inspect himself the situation of the enemy, and to judge of the probability of success.

12. For this purpose he entered their camp under the disguise of a harper, and passed, unsuspected, through every quarter. He so entertained them with his music and facetious humours, that he met with a welcome reception; and was even introduced to the tent of Guthrum, their prince, where he remained some days.

13. He remarked the supine security of the Danes, their contempt of the English, their negligence in foraging and plundering, and their dissolute wasting of what they gained by rapine and violence. Encouraged by these favourable appearances, he secretly sent emissaries to the most considerable of his subjects, and summoned them to a rendezvous, attended by their warlike followers, at Brixton, on the borders of Selwood forest.

14. At the appointed day, the English joyfully resorted to their prince. On his appearance, they received him with shouts of applause; and could not satiate their eyes with the sight of this beloved monarch, whom they had long regarded as dead, and who now, with voice and looks expressing his confidence of success, called them to liberty and to vengeance.

15. He instantly conducted them to Eddington, where the Danes were encamped; and, taking advantage of his previous knowledge of the place, he directed his attack against the most unguarded quarter of the enemy. The Danes, surprised to see an army of English, whom they considered as totally subdued, and still more astonished to hear that Alfred was at their head, made but a faint resistance, notwithstanding their superiority of number, and were soon put to flight with great slaughter.

16. The remainder of the routed army, with their prince,

was besieged by Alfred in a fortified camp to which they fled; but, being reduced to extremity by want and hunger, they had recourse to the clemency of the victor, and offered to submit on any conditions. The king, no less generous than brave, gave them their lives; and even formed a scheme for converting them, from mortal enemies, into faithful subjects and confederates.

HUME.



LESSON LXXXVI.

Music.

1. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the power that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echo'd by the desert rock;
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath;
2. The royal lion leaves his desert lair,
And, crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is tamed, and led by this enchantress still.
Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart—that heart will never feel.
3. 'Tis her's to chain the passions, sooth the soul,
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of care,
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there;
Of Pain's hot brow to still the bounding throb,
Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.
4. How vast her empire! Turn through earth, through air,
Your aching eye, you find her subjects there;
Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,
Nor yet beneath it is the host of hell.
To her, Religion owes her holiest flame:
Her eye looks heaven-ward, for from heaven she came.
5. And when Religion's mild and genial ray
Around the frozen heart begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light:
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assail'd,
Is warmed—made liquid—and to heaven exhaled.

PIERPONT.

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LESSON LXXXVII.

Religion the only Basis of Society.

1. Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

2. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in Heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

3. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

4. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint; and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

CHANNING.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

Extract from an Oration, delivered at Plymouth, Mass. 22d December, 1824, in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.

1. The occasion which has called us together is certainly one, to which no parallel exists in the history of the world. Other countries, and our own also, have their national festivals. They commemorate the birth-days of their illustrious children; they celebrate the foundation of important institutions: momentous events, victories, reformations, revolutions, awaken, on their anniversaries, the grateful and patriotic feelings of posterity. But we commemorate the birth-day of all New England; the foundation, not of one institution, but of all the institutions, the settlements, the establishments, the communities, the societies, the improvements, comprehended within our broad and happy borders.

2. Were it only as an act of rare adventure; were it a trait in foreign or ancient history; we should fix upon the achievement of our fathers, as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing—it must gain—in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man.

3. A continent for the first time effectually explored; a vast ocean traversed by men, women, and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest regions of the old world; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundations so perilously laid by this pious band:—point me to the record, to the tradition, nay, to the fiction, of any thing, that can enter into competition with it. It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say, that there is nothing in the accounts of Phenician, of Grecian, or of Roman colonization, that can stand in the comparison.

4. What new importance, then, does not the achievement acquire to our minds, when we consider that it was the deed of our fathers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region they explored is our native land; that the unrivalled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to

our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; their amazing sufferings the seed, from which our happiness has sprung; that their weary banishment gave us a home; that to their separation from every thing which is dear and pleasant in life, we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges, which make our lot the envy of mankind.

EVERETT.



LESSON LXXXIX.

The Importance of a Good Education.

1. I consider a human soul, without education, like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

2. If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion, so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the sculptor only finds it.

3. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

4. Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less

rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner?

5. What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

6. It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed that there are, even in these parts, several poor, uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations, of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection.

7. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

ADDISON.



LESSON XC.

Comforts of Religion.

1. There are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty; who have resigned the pleasures of that smiling season; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stript of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender

connections. What resource can this world afford them? It presents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort.

2. Every delusive prospect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous soul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal sources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labour, are cut off from us; those who animated, and who sweetened, all the toils of life.

3. Where then can the soul find refuge, but in the bosom of religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity; whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of philosophy.

4. It might therefore be expected, that those philosophers, who think they stand in no need themselves of the assistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never feel the want of its consolation, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind; and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made necessary to their morals, and to their happiness.

5. It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures; and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested; but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

GREGORY.

LESSON XCI.

On Procrastination.

1. Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time.
Year after year it steals, till all are fled;
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
2. Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm "That all men are about to live:"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think,
They one day, shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion, takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
3. Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man;
And that through ev'ry stage.
4. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish,
As dutious sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides this infamous delay;
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
5. And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.

8. As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in the grave.

YOUNG.



LESSON XCII.

VerSES supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

1. I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 Oh solitude! where are the charms,
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.
2. I am out of humanity's reach;
 I must finish my journey alone;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see:
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.
3. Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth:
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.
4. Religion, what treasure untold,
 Besides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver or gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell,
 These valleys and rocks never heard;
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Q

5. Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore,
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

6. How fleet is a glance of the mind?
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land;
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand,
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

7. But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place;
 And mercy—encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.



LESSON XCIII.

Christ's Crucifixion.

1. Now darkness fell
 On all the region round; the shrouded sun
 From the impen'tent earth withdrew his light:
 "I thirst," the Saviour cri'd; lifting up
 His eyes in agony, "My God, my God!
 Ah! why hast thou forsaken me?" exclaim'd.

2. Yet deem him not forsaken of his God!
 Beware that error. 'Twas the mortal part
 Of his compounded nature, breathing forth
 Its last sad agony, that so complain'd:
 Doubt not that vail of sorrow was withdrawn,
 And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,
 Ere thus he cri'd, "Father! into thy hands
 My spirit I commend." Then bow'd his head

And died. Now Gabriel and his heavenly choir
 Of minist'ring angels hov'ring o'er the cross
 Receiv'd his spirit, at length from mortal pangs
 And fleshly pris'n set free, and bore it thence
 Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold
 A prodigy, that to the world announç'd
 A new religion and dissolv'd the old:

4. The temple's sacred veil was rent in twain
 From top to bottom, 'midst th' attesting shocks
 Of earthquake and the rending up of graves:
 Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore
 Curtain'd from vulgar eyes, and holiest deem'd
 Of holies, were display'd to public view:
 The mercy-seat, with its cherubic wings
 O'ershadowed, and the golden ark beneath
 Cov'ring the testimony, now through the rent
 Of that dissever'd veil first saw the light:
5. A world redeem'd had now no farther need
 Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth
 An angry Deity withdrawn from sight
 And canopied in clouds. Him, face to face,
 Now in full light reveal'd, the dying breath
 Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchas'd peace
 And reconciliation for offending man.
6. Thus the partition wall, by Moses built,
 By Christ was levell'd, and the Gentile world
 Enter'd the breach, by their great Captain led
 Up to the throne of grace, opening himself
 Through his own flesh a new and living way.
7. Then were the oracles of God made known
 To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood
 Of Jesus, and baptiz'd into his death;
 So was the birthright of the elder born,
 Heirs of the promise, forfeited; whilst they,
 Whom sin, had erst in bondage held, made free
 From sin, and servants of the living God,
 Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.
8. Soon as those signs and prodigies were seen
 Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote
 Their fear-struck hearts. The sun, at noon-day dark:
 The earth convulsive underneath their feet,
 And the firm rocks, in shiver'd fragments rent,
 Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.

9. Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,
 When the centurion cri'd, " In very truth
 This righteous Person was the Son of God;"
 The rest, in heart assenting, stood abash'd,
 Watching in silence the tremendous scene.

10. The recollection of his gracious acts,
 His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunt
 Now rose in sad review; too they wish'd
 The deed undone, and sighing smote their breasts.
 Straight from God's presence went that angel forth,
 Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead
 At the last day, and bade the saints arise
 And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,
 The day-spring of salvation.

11. Forth they came
 From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms
 Made visible as in their fleshly state,
 And through the holy city here and there
 Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day, with fear
 And wonder seen of many: holy seers,
 Prophets and martyrs from the grave set free,
 And the first fruits of the redeemed dead.

12. They, who with Christ transfigur'd on the mount
 Were seen of his disciples in a cloud
 Of dazzling glory, now, in form distinct,
 Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,
 Struck terror to all hearts: Ezekiel there,
 The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks
 The heaven's were open'd and the fatal roll
 Held forth with dire denunciations fill'd,
 Of lamentation, mourning and of wo,
 Now falling fast on Israel's wretched race:

13. He too was there, Hilkiah's holy son,
 With loins close girt, and glowing lips of fire
 By God's own finger touch'd: there might be seen
 The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd
 Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,
 Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd,
 And fair, and learn'd, and wise: the Baptist here
 Girt in his hairy mantle, frowning stalk'd,
 And pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd

14. Ye vipers! whom my warning could not move
 Timely to flee from the impending wrath

Now fallen on your head; whom I indeed
 With water, Christ hath now with fire baptiz'd:
 Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd
 Meet for repentance, and behold! the axe
 Is laid to the unprofitable root
 Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd
 And cast into the fire. Lo! these are they,
 These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,
 These are the harbingers of ancient days,
 Who witness'd the Messias, and announced
 His coming upon earth.

15.

Mark with what scorn
 Silent they pass you by: them had ye heard,
 Them had ye noted with patient mind,
 Ye had not crucified the Lord of life:
 He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up
 Children, than you more worthy of his stock;
 And now the winnowing fan is in his hand,
 With which he'll purge his floor, and having stor'd
 The precious grain in garners, will consume
 With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff.

CUMBERLAND.



LESSON XCIV.

Female Character.

[From an unpublished Address, delivered at Ipswich, at the opening
 of the Female Academy in that place.]

1. When we survey the works of creation, we see a variety of objects adapted to please the eye and to charm the soul. But of all objects on earth one is pre-eminently interesting.

2. To man, even in his primeval state, Eden with all its beauties, with all that was pleasant to the eye and good for food, was unable to impart complete happiness, till his social wants were supplied by a companion suitable to himself. And were the days of original innocence to return; were earth through all its climes to bloom with another Eden; still to social man it would be a wilderness, were no daughters of Eve to be seen walking up and down in it.

3. Woman is interesting, partly, we must confess, be-

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cause her Creator has adorned her person with superior grace and loveliness. Though the creating and forming power of God is always perfect, and therefore incapable of improvement, yet, since human skill improves with practice, it was not without reference to the superior workmanship of woman, that while Adam was formed immediately from the earth, Eve was formed out of Adam.

4. But it is not the outward form—it is not the gentle, the affectionate, the attractive manner chiefly, that renders woman so interesting—it is not because she has an eye that sparkles with brilliancy, that she so enchains intelligent man; it is because through that eye there looks out a mind as intelligent as his own; a mind capable of deep penetration, capable of flying with thought as on a seraph's wings from world to world; because through that window there looks out a heart, susceptible of every kind, benevolent, and generous emotion; in a word, because within there dwells a soul, capable of vast accessions of knowledge, qualifying her to fill most important spheres, to discharge most weighty duties, to exert a most extensive and happy influence; a soul capable, through grace, of enjoying a blessed immortality, and of preparing others for that immortality.

5. If we glance at those domestic relations which woman sustains, she appears in attitudes highly interesting.

6. Is she a *daughter*? She has a strong hold on the parental bosom. By her kind, discreet, obedient, dutiful conduct, she contributes greatly to the happiness of those who tenderly love her and who are her natural guardians and guides. Or by the opposite conduct she disappoints their hopes, and pierces their hearts with sorrow. Just in proportion to the superior strength and tenderness of parental affection, is the happiness or misery resulting from the kind or unkind deportment of a daughter.

7. Is she a *sister*? If intelligent and virtuous, she sheds the most kindly influence on the little circle of kindred spirits in which she daily moves.

8. Is she a *wife*? The relation is most endearing, and its duties most important. Taken originally from a place near man's heart, she is ever to be his most kind, affectionate, and faithful partner. To contribute to his happiness is always to be her first earthly care. It is hers, not merely to amuse his leisure hours, but to be his intelligent com-

panion, friend, and counsellor; his second self; his constant and substantial helper, both as to the concerns of this life, and as to his eternal interests. She is to do him good all the days of her life. And by so doing to dwell in the vicinity of his heart, till separated by death.

9. Is she a *mother*? It is hers in no small degree to form the character of the next generation. Constantly with her children, having the chief care of them in infancy and early childhood, the most susceptible, the forming period of life, to her, in an important sense, are committed the character and the destiny of individuals and nations. Many of the most distinguished and of the most excellent men this or any country has produced, were indebted under God for their weight of character, chiefly to the exertions of their mothers during their early childhood.

10. Many a child has been saved from a profligate life on earth and from eternal ruin, through the affectionate remembrance of the soft hand and the fervent prayers of a kind christian mother. The following anecdote speaks to the heart. "When I was a little child," said a pious man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance.

11. "Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and as it were drawn back by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed—O do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against God."

12. Thus viewed in her domestic relations, woman appears in a highly interesting light. So she does when seen in other stations. See her taking an active part in various benevolent associations. There she exerts an influence in the cause of humanity and of religion, the most powerful and beneficial. Like an angel of mercy on the wing, she performs her part with promptitude and compassion.

AMERICAN SPECTATOR.

LESSON XCV.

Extract from the Eulogy on Dr. Franklin, pronounced by the Abbe Fauchet in the Name of the Commons of Paris, 1790.

1. A second creation has taken place; the elements of society begin to combine together; the moral universe is now seen issuing from chaos, the genius of liberty is awakened and springs up, she sheds her divine light and creative powers upon the two hemispheres. A great nation, astonished at seeing herself free, stretches her arms from one extremity of the earth to the other, and embraces the first nation that became so: the foundations of a new city are created in the two worlds; brother nations hasten to inhabit it. It is the city of mankind!

2. One of the first founders of this universal city was the immortal FRANKLIN, the deliverer of America. The second founders, who accelerated this great work, made it worthy of Europe. The legislators of France have rendered the most solemn homage to his memory. They have said, "A friend of humanity is dead: mankind ought to be overwhelmed with sorrow! Nations have hitherto only worn mourning for kings; let us assume it for a Man, and let the tears of Frenchmen mingle with those of Americans, in order to do honour to the memory of one of the Fathers of Liberty!"

3. The city of Paris, which once contained this philosopher within its walls, which was intoxicated with the pleasure of hearing, admiring, and loving him; of gathering from his lips the maxims of a moral legislator, and of imbibing from the effusions of his heart a passion for the public welfare, rivals Boston and Philadelphia, his two native cities, (for in one he was born as it were a man, and in the other as a legislator) in its profound attachment to his merit and his glory.

4. It has commanded this funeral solemnity, in order to perpetuate the gratitude and the grief of this third country, which, by the courage and activity with which it has profited by his lessons, has shown itself worthy of having him at once for an instructor and a model.

5. In selecting me for the interpreter of its wishes, it has declared, that it is less to the talents of an orator, than to the patriotism of a citizen, the zeal of a preacher of liber-

ty, and the sensibility of a friend of men, that it hath confided this solemn function. In this point of view, I may speak with firm confidence; for I have the public opinion, and the testimony of my own conscience, to second my wishes. Since nothing else is wanting than freedom, and sensibility, for that species of eloquence which this eulogium requires, I am satisfied; for I already possess them.

6. My voice shall extend to France, to America, to posterity. I am now to do justice to a great man, the founder of transatlantic freedom; I am to praise him in the name of the mother city of French liberty. I myself also am a man; I am a freeman; I possess the suffrages of my fellow citizens: this is enough; my discourse shall be immortal.

7. The academies, the philosophical societies, the learned associations which have done themselves honour by inscribing the name of Franklin in their records, can best appreciate the debt due to his genius, for having extended the power of man over nature, and presented new and sublime ideas, in a style simple as truth, and pure as light.

8. It is not the naturalist and the philosopher that the orator of the commons of Paris ought to describe; it is the *man* who hath accelerated the progress of social order; it is the *legislator*, who hath prepared the liberty of nations!

9. Franklin, in his periodical works, which had prodigious circulation on the continent of America, laid the sacred foundations of social morality. He was no less inimitable in the developements of the same morality, when applied to the duties of friendship, general charity, the employment of one's time, the happiness attendant upon good works, the necessary combination of private with public welfare, the propriety and necessity of industry; and to that happy state which puts us at ease with society and with ourselves. The proverbs of "Old Henry," and "Poor Richard," are in the hands both of the learned and the ignorant; they contain the most sublime morality, reduced to popular language and common comprehension: and form the catechism of happiness for all mankind.

10. Franklin was too great a moralist, and too well acquainted with human affairs, not to perceive that women were the arbiters of manners. He strove to perfect their empire; and accordingly engaged them to adorn the sceptre of virtue with their graces. It is in their ~~power to excite~~ courage; to overthrow vice, by means of their disdain; to

kindle civism, and to light up in every heart the holy love of our country.

11. His daughter, who was opulent and honoured with the public esteem, helped to manufacture and to make up the clothing for the army with her own hands, and spread abroad a noble emulation among the female citizens, who became eager to assist those by means of the needle and the spindle, who were serving the state with their swords and their guns.



LESSON XCVI.

The same continued.

1. With the charm ever attendant upon true wisdom and the grace ever flowing from true sentiment, this grave philosopher knew how to converse with the other sex; to inspire them with a taste for domestic occupations; to hold out to them the prize attendant upon honour unaccompanied by reproach, and instil the duty of cultivating the first precepts of education, in order to teach them to their children; and thus to acquit the debt due to nature, and fulfil the hope of society. It must be acknowledged, that, in his own country, he addressed himself to minds capable of comprehending him.

2. Immortal females of America! I will tell it to the daughters of France, and they only are fit to applaud you! You have attained the utmost of what your sex is capable; you possess the beauty, the simplicity, the manners, at once natural and pure; the primitive graces of the golden age. It was among you that liberty was first to have its origin. But the empire of freedom which is extended to France, is about to carry your manners along with it, and produce a revolution in morals as well as in politics.

3. Already our female citizens, (for they have lately become such) are not any longer occupied with those frivolous ornaments, and vain pleasures, which were nothing more than the amusements of slavery; they have awakened the love of liberty in the bosoms of fathers, of brothers, and of husbands; they have encouraged them to make the most generous sacrifices; their delicate hands have removed the earth, to drag it along, and helped to elevate the immense amphitheatre of the grand confederation.

4. The laws which are to reform education, and with it the national manners, are already prepared; they will advance, they will fortify the cause of liberty by means of their happy influence, and become the second saviours of their country!

5. Franklin did not omit any of the means of being useful to men, or serviceable to society. He spoke to all conditions, to both sexes, to every age. This amiable moralist descended, in his writings, to the most artless details; to the most ingenuous familiarities; to the first ideas of a rural, a commercial, and a civil life; to the dialogues of old men and children; full at once of all the verdure and all the maturity of wisdom.

6. In short, the prudent lessons arising from the exposition of those obscure, happy, easy virtues, which form so many links in the chain of a good man's life, derived immense weight from that reputation for genius which he had acquired, by being one of the first naturalists and greatest philosophers in the universe.

7. At one and the same time, he governed nature in the heavens and in the hearts of men. Amidst the tempests of the atmosphere, he directed the thunder; amidst the storms of society, he directed the passions. Think, gentlemen, with what attentive docility, with what religious respect, one must hear the voice of a simple man, who preached up human happiness, when it was recollect'd that it was the powerful voice of the same man who invented the lightning rod.

8. Venerable old man! august philosopher! legislator of the felicity of thy country! prophet of the fraternity of the human race! what ecstatic happiness embellish'd the end of thy career! From thy fortunate asylum, and in the midst of thy brothers who enjoyed in tranquillity the fruit of thy virtues, and the success of thy genius, thou hast sung songs of deliverance. The last looks, which thou didst cast around thee, beheld America happy; France, on the other side of the ocean, free, and a sure indication of the approaching freedom and happiness of the world.

9. The United States, looking upon themselves as thy children, have bewailed the death of the father of their republic. France, thy family by adoption, has honoured thee as the founder of her laws; and the human race has revered thee as one of the universal patriarchs who have

formed the alliance of nature with society. Thy remembrance belongs to all ages; and thy memory to all nations.



LESSON XCVII.

The Importance of the Union of the States.

Extract from Edmund Randolph's speech, on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution: delivered in the Convention of Virginia, June 6th, 1788.

1. After having heretofore attempted, Mr. Chairman, to show, by a course of argument, the excellency of the proposed constitution; how its adoption is intimately connected with the continuance of the union; and how important will be the vote of our own state to this end; I will now conclude with a few observations, which come from the heart.

2. I have laboured for the continuance of the union,—the rock of our salvation. I believe that, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, our safety, our political happiness and existence, depend on the union of the states; and, that without this union, the people of this and the other states, will undergo the unspeakable calamities, which discord, faction, turbulence, war and bloodshed, have produced in other countries. The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the union magnificently triumph.

3. Let that glorious pride, which once defied the British thunder, re-animate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits; after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties; and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valour and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion.

4. Let no future historian inform posterity, that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recriminate our folly, with equal severity and justice. Catch the present moment, seize it with avidity and eagerness, for it may be lost, never to be

regained. If the union be now lost, I fear it will remain so for ever.

5. I believe gentlemen are sincere in their opposition, and actuated by pure motives: but when I maturely weigh the advantages of the union, and dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other, I cannot hesitate to decide in favour of the former.



LESSON XCVIII.

Eulogy on the Hon. William Pinkney; from a Sermon preached in the House of Representatives, by the Rev. Jared Sparks.

1. It is not my present purpose to ask your attention to any picture drawn in the studied phrase of eulogy. I aim not to describe the commanding powers and the eminent qualities, which conducted the deceased to the superiority he held, and which were at once the admiration and the pride of his countrymen. I shall not attempt to analyze his capacious mind, nor to set forth the richness and variety of its treasures.

2. The trophies of his genius are a sufficient testimony of these, and constitute a monument to his memory, which will stand firm and conspicuous amidst the faded recollections of future ages. The present is not the time to recount the sources or the memorials of his greatness. He is gone. The noblest of Heaven's gifts could not shield even him from the arrows of the destroyer. And this behest of the Most High is a warning summons to us all.

3. When Death comes into our doors, we ought to feel that he is near. When his irreversible sentence falls on the great and the renowned; when he severs the strongest bonds, which can bind mortals to earth, we ought to feel that our hold on life is slight; that the thread of existence is slender; that we walk amidst perils, where the next wave in the agitated sea of life may baffle all our struggles, and carry us back into the dark bosom of the deep.

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LESSON XCIX.

The Excellency of the American Constitution.

Extract from Alexander Hamilton's Speech on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution: delivered in the Convention of New York, June 27th, 1788.

1. After all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations, Mr. Chairman, on the subject of government, we must return at last to this important truth—that when we have formed a constitution upon free principles; when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government.

2. The great objects to be desired are a free representation, and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this constitution? One branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people—by the same people who choose your state representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern: here they act by their immediate representatives.

3. You have also a senate, constituted by your state legislatures—by men, in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, the president, created by a form of election, which merits universal admiration. In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire?

4. Is there any one branch, in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No. The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced: the executive authority is divided between two branches; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their offices during good behaviour. The organization is so complex, so skilfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success.

5. Now, what do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested—has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be trusted with every thing necessary for the good of society?

6. Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interest; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—**YOU MUST PLACE CONFIDENCE—YOU MUST GIVE POWER.**



LESSON C.

The necessity of Permanency in one branch of the Legislature—the Senate.

Extract from Alexander Hamilton's Speech on the expediency of adopting the Federal Constitution; delivered in the Convention of New York, June 24th, 1788.

1. I am persuaded, Mr. Chairman, that I, in my turn, shall be indulged in addressing the committee. We all, in equal sincerity, profess to be anxious for the establishment of a republican government, on a safe and solid basis. It is the object of the wishes of every honest man in the United States, and I presume I shall not be disbelieved, when I declare, that it is an object of all others, the nearest and most dear to my own heart.

2. In the commencement of our revolution, the zeal for liberty became predominant and excessive. In forming our confederation this passion alone seemed to actuate us, and we appear to have had no other view than to secure ourselves from despotism. The object certainly was a valuable one, and deserved our utmost attention.

3. But, sir, there is another object equally important, and which our enthusiasm rendered us little capable of regarding: I mean a principle of strength and stability in the organization of our government, and vigour in its operations. This purpose can never be accomplished but by the estab-

Establishment of some select body; formed peculiarly upon this principle.

4. There are few positions more demonstrable than that there should be in every republic, some permanent body to correct the prejudices, check the intemperate passions, and regulate the fluctuations of a popular assembly. It is evident that a body instituted for these purposes, must be so formed as to exclude as much as possible from its own character, those infirmities, and that mutability which it is designed to remedy.

5. It is, therefore, necessary that it should be small; that it should hold its authority during a considerable period, and that it should have such an independence in the exercise of its powers, as will divest it, as much as possible, of local prejudices. It should be so formed as to be the centre of political knowledge, to pursue always a steady line of conduct, and to reduce every irregular propensity to system. Without this establishment, we may make experiments without end, but shall never have an efficient government.

6. Now, sir, what is the tendency of the proposed amendment? To take away the stability of government, by depriving the senate of its permanency; to make this body subject to the same weakness and prejudices, which are incident to popular assemblies, and which it was instituted to correct; and by thus assimilating the complexion of the two branches, destroy the balance between them.

7. The amendment will render the senator a slave to all the capricious humours among the people. This, sir, is the first fair opportunity that has been offered, of deliberately correcting the errors in government. Instability has been a prominent and very defective feature in most republican systems.

8. It is the first to be seen, and the last to be lamented by a philosophical inquirer. It has operated most banefully in our infant republics. It is necessary, therefore, that we apply an immediate remedy, and eradicate the poisonous principle from our government. If this be not done, sir, we shall feel, and posterity will be convulsed by a painful malady.

LESSON CI.

The Obligations of America to Lafayette.

Extract from Mr. Hayne's Speech in the Senate of the United States, upon the bill making provision for Gen. Lafayette, Dec. 1824.

1. I had hoped, Mr. President, that this bill would have met with no opposition. I had hoped that the world would see, that against a proposition for showing our gratitude, as a nation, in something more than mere words to General Lafayette, not a voice would be raised. But, sir, I am disappointed: and it is therefore the irksome task of this committee to go into detail, and to show how much we are absolutely indebted to this great man.

2. It appears from some documents, sir, in possession of the committee, that the General, during six years of our revolutionary war, sacrificed one hundred and forty thousand dollars of his private fortune in the service of this country. And how, sir, was this sacrifice made? Under what circumstances?

3. Was he one of our own citizens—one of those whose lives and fortunes were necessarily exposed during the vicissitudes of a contest for the right of self-government? No, sir, no such thing. He tore himself away from his country and his home, to fight the battles of freedom in a foreign land, and to make common cause with a people to whom he owed no duty. Nor was he satisfied with the devotion of his personal services.

4. It is a matter of record on the pages of your history that he armed a regiment for you; that he sent a vessel laden with arms and munitions of war for you; that he put shoes on the feet of your bare-foot and suffering soldiery. For all these services he asked no recompense—he received none. He spent his fortune for you; he shed his blood for you; and without acquiring any thing from you but a claim upon your gratitude, he impoverished himself.

5. And now, sir, what would be thought of us in Europe if, after all that has passed, we should fail to make a generous and liberal provision for our venerable guest? We have, under circumstances calculated to give to the event great celebrity, invited him to our shores. We have received him with the utmost enthusiasm.

6. The people have every where greeted him in the warmest terms of gratitude and affection. Now what will be thought of us in Europe, and, what is much more important, how will we deserve to be thought of, if we send back our venerable guest without any more substantial proof of our gratitude, than vague expressions of regard?

7. You have made him a spectacle for the world to gaze on. He cannot go back to France, and become the private citizen he was when he left it. You have, by the universal homage of your hearts and tongues, made his house a shrine, to which every pilgrim of liberty, from every quarter of the world, will repair.

8. At least let him not, after this, want the means of giving welcome to the Americans, who, whenever they visit the shores of France, will repair in crowds to his hospitable mansion, to testify their veneration to the illustrious compatriot of their fathers. I regret, sir, that I have been compelled to say thus much upon the subject. But, sir, I have full confidence that there cannot in this house, there cannot in this nation, but be one universal feeling of gratitude and affection for Lafayette.



LESSON CII.

Mythology.

1. Mythology comprehends all those fabulous details concerning the objects of worship, which were invented and propagated by men who lived in the early ages of the world, and transmitted to succeeding generations, either by oral traditions, or written records. *Fable* is a creature of the human imagination, and owes its birth to that love of the marvellous, by which man is so peculiarly distinguished.

2. Many circumstances conspired to extend and establish the empire of fable. The legislature employed fiction as the most effectual means of civilizing a rude world; philosophers, poets, and musicians, made this a vehicle of instruction to the savage tribes. A fondness for fable, and her attendants allegory and personification, early characterized the *Orientals*.

3. The boldness and the extravagance of their mythology

are to be attributed, in a great measure, to the general warmth of the climate, and to the fertility of the soil; to the face of nature perpetually blooming around them; and to the opportunity they had of contemplating the heavenly bodies, continually shining under a cloudless sky. These were soon considered as the residence of Divine intelligence, and worshipped, together with the elements, as deities.

4. The historians of antiquity were all poets. To immortalize the heroes, whose deeds they described, they elevated them to the skies, and bestowed on them the names of the celestial luminaries. The sculptor and the painter exercised all their skill to encourage this strange delusion. The use of hieroglyphics was another fertile source of error. The minutest animals and plants were worshipped as emblems of Deity.

PLATT.



LESSON CIII.

Religious Hope.

The wise with hope support the pains of life.

1. The time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what has passed, and anticipate what is to come.

2. That wonderful faculty, which we call the memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals, that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

3. As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is past, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her upon what is to come. These are the passions of hope and fear.

4. By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer misery and enjoy happiness before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

5. By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not! But I shall here confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of hope.

6. Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We should hope for every thing that is good," says the old poet Linus, "because there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing but what the gods are able to give us."

7. Hope quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

8. Besides these several advantages which arise from hope, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of Cæsar is well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities among his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself, to which that great man replied, *Hope*.

9. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizeing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

10. The old story of Pandora's box, (which many of the learned believe was formed among the heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man,) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great

vessel presented him by Pandora: upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

11. I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

12. My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man, is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened, not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

13. I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

14. Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind, not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, while the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

15. I shall conclude this essay with those emphatical expressions of a lively hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which sur-

rounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense.

16. "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption. Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more."

ADDISON.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore:
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest;
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

POPE.



LESSON CIV.

Mr. Pitt's Speech, Nov. 18, 1777,

In opposition to Lord Suffolk, who proposed to Parliament to employ the Indians against the Americans; and who said, in the course of the debate, that "they had a right to use all the means that God and Nature had put into their hands, to conquer America."

1. My Lords,—I am astonished to hear such principles confessed! I am shocked to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country! Principles, equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

2. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas my lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity.

3. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And, my lords, they shock every sentiment of honour; they shock me as a lover of honourable war, and a detester of murtherous barbarity.

4. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our Church: I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this *learned bench*, to defend and support the justice of their country.

5. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their *lawn*; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their *ermine*, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.

6. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honour, the liberties, the religion of this country, if these practices are let loose among us.

7. My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honour, our constitution, and to religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly, and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House, and this country from this sin.

8. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night

in my bed, nor repose my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.



LESSON CV.

*Extract from Mr. Pitt's Speech in the British Parliament,
Jan. 20, 1775.*

1. When your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, (and it has been my favourite study: I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world:)

2. I say I must declare, that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.

3. We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract; let us retract while we *can*, not when we *must*. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts. They **MUST** be repealed. You **WILL** repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

4. Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness: for it is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede, is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace, and more salutary effects from superior power; it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men; and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

5. Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston; by a repeal of your acts of Parliament; and by demonstration of amicable dispositions towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures.

6. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread: France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors; with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

7. To conclude, my lords; if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing: I will not say that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.



LESSON CVI.

On the Proper Use of our Time.

1. "To every thing there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." We should lay it down as an essential and unerring rule, neither to waste our time in folly, nor destroy it by idleness. We too often hear the want of time pleaded as an excuse for the neglect of duty; but we should find our time more than sufficient for all our occasions, if we would apportion it in a regular manner to our various duties and occupations; still, however, making our worldly cares and employments subservient to our duty to God, and to the furtherance of our everlasting hopes.

2. From the moment in which we are capable of thought and reflection, to that in which thought and reflection cease, God will require from us an account of his most precious gift—our time. Is it not worth our while to inform ourselves, early, in what manner we may best make use of it? We cannot be too earnest in our consideration of this subject, nor should we think ourselves too young to begin it.

FENELON.

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LESSON CVII.

The Mechanical Wonders of a Feather.

1. Every single feather is a mechanical wonder. If we look at the quill, we find properties not easily brought together—strength and lightness. I know few things more remarkable than the strength and lightness of the very pen with which I am now writing. If we cast our eyes towards the upper part of the stem, we see a material made for the purpose, used in no other class of animals, and in no other part of birds; tough, light, pliant, elastic.

2. The pith, also, which feeds the feathers, is neither bone, flesh, membrane, nor tendon. But the most artificial part of a feather is the beard, or, as it is sometimes called, the vane; which we usually strip off from one side, or both, when we make a pen. The separate pieces of which this is composed are called threads, filaments, or rays.

3. Now, the first thing which an attentive observer will remark is, how much stronger the beard of the feather shows itself to be when pressed in a direction perpendicular to its plane, than when rubbed either up or down in the line of the stem; and he will soon discover, that the thread of which these beards are composed are flat, and placed with their flat sides towards each other; by which means, while they easily bend for the approaching of each other, as any one may perceive by drawing his finger ever so lightly upwards, they are much harder to bend out of their plane, which is the direction in which they have to encounter the impulse and pressure of the air, and in which their strength is wanted.

4. It is also to be observed, that when two threads, separated by accident or force, are brought together again, they immediately reclasp. Draw your finger round the feather which is against the grain, and you break, probably, the junction of some of the contiguous threads: draw your finger up the feather, and you restore all things to their former state. It is no common mechanism by which this contrivance is effected!

5. The threads or laminæ above mentioned, are interlaced with one another; and the interlacing is performed by means of a vast number of fibres or teeth which the

threads shoot forth on each side, and which hook and grapple together. Fifty of these fibres have been counted in one-twentieth of an inch.

6. They are crooked, but curved after a different manner: for those which proceed from the thread on the side towards the extremity of the feather are longer, more flexible, and bent downward; whereas those which proceed from the side toward the beginning or quill-end of the feather, are shorter, firmer, and turned upward. When two laminæ, therefore, are pressed together, the crooked parts of the long fibres fall into the cavity made by the crooked parts of the others; just as the latch which is fastened to a door, enters into the cavity of the catch fixed to the door post, and there hooking itself fastens the door. DR. PALEY.



LESSON CVIII.

On Reading Works of Taste.

1. Young persons should be early introduced to an acquaintance with polite literature, in order to exercise their imagination and form their taste. If they have time, property, and capacities, they should by all means learn Greek and Latin, and so study the ancient writers; but if not, the English language abounds with writings addressed to the imagination and feelings, and calculated for the improvement of taste; the sublime conceptions of Milton and Young, the learning and piety of Addison and Watts, the descriptive powers of Thomson, and the harmony of Pope, might, with some degree of confidence, be respectively brought into comparison with any example of similar excellence among the ancients.

2. Selections from these and others may be at first of use in directing their attention to such passages as are most likely to make a strong impression on the mind, and some of which should be committed to memory.

3. The value of a taste for this kind of reading is much greater than is commonly perceived: in solitude the elegant entertainment which it affords, is a great security against the intrusion of idleness and spleen: in society it provides innumerable topics of conversation, which affords ample scope for the display of judgment and taste, without much diminution of social enjoyment: thus by furnishing

the mind with elevated conceptions and refined sentiments, it renders it superior to gross and vulgar pleasures; and in fine, whilst science enriches the understanding, the study of polite literature cultivates the taste, and makes the accomplished man.



LESSON CIX.

Truth better than Dissimulation.

1. Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for, to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency.

2. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that, it is many times as troublesome to make good the presence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

3. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out, and will betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom.

4. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest.

5. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the

more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affaers of life.

6. Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

7. It is like building upon a false foundation; which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it; and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so apparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and, whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

8. Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

9. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted, perhaps, when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

10. And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity

even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remotest consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last.

11. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance, more effectually, their own interests; and, therefore, the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

12. Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter, (speaking as to the concerns of this world,) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

TILLOTSON.



LESSON CX.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

1. The course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight—I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the

heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn.

2. First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality, which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

3. Secondly, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows it upon the commission of vice.

4. Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

5. But, among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it.

6. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present.

7. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the beginning of her inquiries?

8. Man does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun

her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage.

9. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified?

10. How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

11. There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

12. Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it.

13. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the

station is, of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

14. With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him.

15. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another, for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

ADDISON.



LESSON CXI.

Dying Christian.

1. Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
2. Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away:
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath,
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
3. The world recedes: it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

POPE.

LESSON CXII.

Extracts from Washington's Valedictory Address.

1. In looking forward to the moment which is to terminate the career of my political life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgement of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal.

2. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead—amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

3. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing wishes, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

4. Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection,

of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people.

5. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget at an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

6. Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment. The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

7. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth: as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness.

8. That you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immoveable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity: watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

9. For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of *American*, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.

10. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

11. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish a government, pre-supposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.



LESSON CXIII.

The same continued.

1. I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular references to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

2. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

3. The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism.

4. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortu-

nate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

5. Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party, are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

6. Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity.

7. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

8. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

9. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

10. Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

11. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices.

12. In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent and inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated.

13. In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations.

14. But if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.



LESSON CXIV.

Virtue.

1. The four *Cardinal* virtues are, *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *justice*. But the division of virtue, to which we are now-a-days most accustomed, is into duties. Towards *God*; as piety, reverence, resignation, gratitude, &c. Towards *other men* (or relative duties,) as justice, charity, fidelity, &c. Towards *ourselves*; as chastity, sobriety, temperance, preservation of life, care of health, &c.

2. I shall proceed to state a few observations, which relate to the general regulation of human conduct: unconnected indeed with each other, but very worthy of attention;—Mankind act more from habit than reflection.

3. It is on few, only, and great occasions, that men deliberate at all; on fewer still, that they institute any thing like a regular inquiry into the moral rectitude or depravity of what they are about to do; or wait for the result of it. We are for the most part determined at once; and by an impulse, which is the effect and energy of pre-established habits. And this constitution seems well adapted to the exigencies of human life, and to the imbecility of our moral principles.

4. If we are in so great a degree passive under our habits, where, it is asked, is the exercise of virtue, the guilt of vice, or any use of moral and religious knowledge? I answer, in the *forming and contracting* of these habits. There are *habits*, not only of drinking, swearing, and lying, and of some other things which are commonly acknowledged to be habits, and called so, but of every modification of action, speech, and thought. Man is a bundle of habits.

5. Without entering into a detail of scripture morality, which would anticipate our subject, the following general positions may be advanced, I think, with safety: 1. That a state of happiness is not to be expected by those who are conscious of no moral or religious rule. 2. That a state of happiness is not to be expected by those who reserve to themselves the habitual practice of any one sin, or neglect of one known duty.



LESSON CXV.

On Dignity of Manners.

1. There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

2. Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, wagery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependant, and led captain. It gives your inferiors, just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker

is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit.

3. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal.

4. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whosoever is *bad*, (as it is called) in company, for the sake of one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

5. This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking; but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt than with indignation, as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not hesitate with one who asks a just and reasonable price.

6. Abject flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

7. Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a low turn of mind, or a low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of great matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

8. A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent

cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

CHESTERFIELD.



LESSON CXVI.

Demosthenes and Cicero Compared.

1. These are the most memorable circumstances in the lives of Demosthenes and Cicero that could be collected from the historians which have come to our knowledge. Though I shall not pretend to compare their talents for speaking; yet this, I think, I ought to observe, that Demosthenes, by the exertion of all his powers, both natural and acquired, upon that object only, came to exceed in energy and strength, the most celebrated pleaders of his time; in grandeur and magnificence of style, all that were eminent for the sublime of declamation; and in accuracy and art, the most able professors of rhetoric.

2. Cicero's studies were more general; and, in his treasures of knowledge, he had a great variety. He has left us a number of philosophical tracts, which he composed upon the principles of the academy. And we see something of an ostentation of learning in the very orations which he wrote for the *forum*, and the bar.

3. Their different tempers are discernible in their way of writing. That of Demosthenes, without any embellishments of wit and humour, is always grave and serious. Nor does it smell of the lamp, as Pytheas tauntingly said, but of the water-drinker, of the man of thought, of one who was characterized by the austerities of life. But Cicero, who loved to indulge his vein of pleasantry, so much affected the wit that he sometimes sunk into the buffoon; and by affecting gaiety in the most serious things to serve his client, he has offended against the rules of propriety and decorum.

4. When Cato impeached Murena, Cicero, who was then consul, undertook his defence; and, in his pleading, took occasion to ridicule several paradoxes of the stoics, because

Cato was of that sect. He succeeded so far as to raise a laugh in the assembly; and even among the judges. Upon which Cato smiled, and said to those who sat by him, "What a pleasant consul we have!" Cicero, indeed, was naturally facetious; and he not only loved his jest, but his countenance was gay and smiling. Whereas Demosthenes had a care and thoughtfulness in his aspect, which he seldom or never put off. Hence his enemies, as he confesses, called him a morose ill natured man.

5. It appears also from their writings, that Demosthenes, when he touches upon his own praise, does it with an inoffensive delicacy. Indeed, he never gives into it at all, but when he has some great point in view; and on all other occasions is extremely modest. But Cicero, in his orations, speaks in such high terms of himself, that it is plain he had a most intemperate vanity. Thus he cries out:

Let arms revere the robe, the warrior's laurel
Yield to the palm of eloquence.

6. At length, he came to commend not only his own actions and operations in the commonwealth, but his orations too, as well those which he had only pronounced as those he had committed to writing, as if, with a juvenile vanity, he were vying with the rhetoricians Isocrates and Anaximenes, instead of being inspired with the great ambition of guiding the Roman people;

Fierce in the field, and dreadful to the foe.

7. It is necessary, indeed, for a statesman to have the advantage of eloquence; but it is mean and illiberal to rest in such a qualification, or to hunt after praise in that quarter. In this respect Demosthenes behaved with more dignity, with a superior elevation of soul. He said, "His ability to explain himself was a mere acquisition; and not so perfect but that it required great candour and indulgence in the audience." He thought it must be, as indeed it is, only a low and little mind, that can value itself upon such attainments.

LESSON CXVII.

The same continued.

1. They both, undoubtedly, had political abilities, as well as powers to persuade. They had them in such a degree, that men, who had armies at their devotion, stood in need of their support. Thus Chares, Diopithes, and Leosthenes availed themselves of Demosthenes; Pompey and young Cæsar, of Cicero; as Cæsar himself acknowledges in his commentaries addressed to Agrippa and Mæcenas.

2. It is an observation no less just than common, that nothing makes so thorough a trial of a man's disposition, as power and authority: for they awake every passion, and discover every latent vice. Demosthenes never had an opportunity for a trial of this kind. He never obtained any eminent charge; nor did he lead those armies against Philip, which his eloquence had raised.

3. But Cicero went quæstor into Sicily, and proconsul into Silicia and Cappadocia; at a time, too, when avarice reigned without control; when the governors of provinces, thinking it beneath them to take a clandestine advantage, fell to open plunder; when to take another's property was thought no great crime, and he who took moderately passed for a man of character.

4. Yet, at such a time as this, Cicero gave many proofs of his contempt of money; many of his humanity and goodness. At Rome, with the title only of consul, he had an absolute and dictatorial power against Cataline and his accomplices. On which occasion he verified the prediction of Plato. "That every state will be delivered from its calamities, when, by the favour of fortune, great power unites with wisdom and justice in one person."

5. It is mentioned, to the disgrace of Demosthenes, that his eloquence was mercenary, that he privately composed orations both for Phormio and Apollodorus, though adversaries in the same cause. To which we may add, that he was suspected of receiving money from the king of Persia, and condemned for taking bribes of Harpalus. Supposing some of these the calumnies of those who wrote against him (and they are not a few), yet it is impossible to affirm that

he was proof against the presents which were sent him by princes, as marks of honour and respect.

6. This was too much to be expected from a man who vested his money at interest upon ships. Cicero, on the other hand, had magnificent presents sent him by the Sicilians, when he was ædile; by the king of Cappadocia, when proconsul; and his friends pressed him to receive their benefactions when in exile; yet, as we have already observed, he refused them all.

7. The banishment of Demosthenes reflected infamy upon him; for he was convicted of taking bribes: that of Cicero, great honour; because he suffered for destroying traitors, who had vowed the ruin of their country. The former, therefore, departed without exciting pity or regret: for the latter, the senate changed their habit, continued in mourning, and could not be persuaded to pass any act till the people had recalled him.

8. Cicero indeed spent the time of exile in an inactive manner in Macedonia; but with Demosthenes it was a busy period in his political character. Then it was (as we have mentioned above) that he went to the several cities of Greece, strengthened the common interest, and defeated the designs of the Macedonian ambassadors. In which respect he discovered a much greater regard for his country than Themistocles and Alcibiades, when under the same misfortune.

9. After his return he pursued his former plan of government, and continued the war with Antipater and the Macedonians. Whereas Lælius reproached Cicero in full senate with sitting silent, when Cæsar, who was not yet come to years of maturity, applied for the consulship contrary to law. And Brutus, in one of his letters, charged him with "having reared a greater and more insupportable tyranny than that which they had destroyed." PLUTARCH.

LESSON CXVIII.

Woman.

1. Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of Prudence, and let the precept of truth sink deep in thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form: and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

2. Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast? Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad. She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory encircling her head. Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

3. Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand. Her eyes speak softness and love; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good nature open her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

4. Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and therefore, she suspecteth no evil in others. Happy were the man that should make her his wife; happy the child that shall call her mother. She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed. She ariseth in the morning; she considers her affairs; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

5. The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth her study: and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions. The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight. She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

6. The word of her mouth is the law of their youth: the motion of her eye commandeth her obedience. She speak-

eth, and her servants fly; she pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts; and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

7. In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience. The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearment: he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.



LESSON CXIX.

Duties of Children to Parents, and of Brothers to one another.

1. From the creatures of God let man learn wisdom, and apply to himself the instruction they give. Go to the desert, my son; observe the young stork of the wilderness; let him speak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged sire; he lodgeth him in safety, and supplieth him with food.

2. The piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odours wasted from a field of Arabian spices, by the western gales. Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for she sustained thee.

3. Hear the words of his mouth, for they are spoken for thy good: give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love. He hath watched for thy welfare; he hath toiled for thy ease; do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

4. Forget not thy helpless infancy, nor the frowardness of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; assist and support them in the decline of life. So shall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, shall repay thy piety with filial love.

5. Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breast of one mother hath given you milk. Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happiness may dwell in thy father's house.

6. And when ye separate in the world, remember the

relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a stranger before thine own blood. If thy brother is in adversity, assist him: if thy sister is in trouble, forsake her not. So shall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the support of his whole race: and his care be continued to you all, in your love to each other.



LESSON CXX.

Wise and Ignorant; Rich and Poor; Masters and Servants.

1. The gifts of the understanding are the treasures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what measure seemeth good unto himself. Hath he endowed thee with wisdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? communicate it to the ignorant for their instruction.

2. But the wise man cultivates his mind with knowledge; the improvement of arts is his delight; and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour. Nevertheless, the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the highest learning; and the science of happiness is the study of his life.

3. The man to whom God hath given riches, and blessed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured and highly distinguished. He looketh on his wealth with pleasure: because it affordeth him the means to do good. He protecteth the poor that are injured; he suffereth not the mighty to oppress the weak.

4. He seeketh out objects of compassion: he inquireth into their wants; he relieveth them with judgment, and without ostentation. He assisteth and rewardeth merit; he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every useful design. He carrieth on great works; his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed; he formeth new schemes, and the arts receive improvement.

5. He considereth the superfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not. The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameless.

6. But wo unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance,

and rejoiceth alone in the possession thereof. That grindeth the face of the poor, and considereth not the sweat of their brows. He thriveth on oppression without feeling; the ruin of his brother disturbeth him not. The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are music to his ear.

7. His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief nor distress can make impression upon it. But the curse of iniquity pursueth him; he liveth in continual fear: the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious desires of his own soul, take vengeance upon him, for the calamities he hath brought upon others.

8. O, what are the miseries of poverty in comparison with the gnawings of this man's heart! Let the poor man comfort himself, yea, rejoice, for he hath many reasons. He sitteth down to his morsel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers. He is not embarrassed with a train of dependents, nor teased with the clamours of solicitation.

9. Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he escapeth also their diseases. The bread that he eateth, is it not sweet to his taste? the water he drinketh, is it not pleasant to his thirst? yea, far more delicious than the richest draughts of the luxurious. His labour preserveth his health, and procureth him a repose, to which the downy bed of sloth is a stranger.

10. He limiteth his desires with humility; and the calm of contentment is sweeter to his soul than all the acquirements of wealth and grandeur. Let not the rich, therefore, presume on his riches; nor the poor in his poverty yield to despondence; for the providence of God dispenseth happiness to them both.

11. The honour of a servant is his fidelity; his highest virtues are submission and obedience. Be patient, therefore, under the reproofs of thy master; and when he rebuketh thee answer not again. The silence of thy resignation shall not be forgotten. Be studious of his interests; be diligent in his affairs; and faithful to the trust which he reposeth in thee.

12. Thy time and thy labour belong unto him. Defraud him not therefore, for he payeth thee for them. And thou who art a master, be kind to thy servant, if thou expectest from him fidelity; and reasonable in thy commands, if thou

expectest a ready obedience. The spirit of a man is in him; severity and rigor may create fear, but can never command his love.

13. Mix kindness with reproof, and reason with authority; so shall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty shall become his pleasure. He shall serve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude; he shall obey thee cheerfully from the principle of love; and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.



LESSON CXXI.

The Garden of Hope.

1. I was musing on the strange inclination which every man feels to deceive himself, and considering the advantages and dangers proceeding from this gay prospect of futurity, when, falling asleep, on a sudden I found myself placed in a garden, of which my sight could descry no limits. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine, and fragrant with perfumes; the ground was painted with all the variety of spring, and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves.

2. When I had recovered from the first raptures, with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I had yet higher gratifications to expect, and that, at a small distance from me, there were brighter flowers, clearer fountains, and more lofty groves, where the birds which I yet heard but faintly, were exerting all their power of melody.

3. The trees about me were beautiful with verdure, and fragrant with blossoms; but I was tempted to leave them by the sight of ripe fruits, which seemed to hang only to be plucked. I, therefore, walked hastily forwards, but found, as I proceeded, that the colours of the field faded at my approach, the fruit fell before I reached it, the birds flew still singing before me, and, though I pressed onward with great celerity, I was still in sight of pleasures of which I could not yet gain the possession, and which seemed to mock my diligence, and to retire as I advanced.

4. Though I was confounded with so many alternations

of joy and grief, I yet persisted to go forward, in hopes that these fugitive delights would, in time, be overtaken. At length I saw an innumerable multitude of every age and sex, who seemed all to partake of some general felicity; for every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with eagerness; yet each appeared to have some particular and secret pleasure, and very few were willing to communicate their intentions, or extend their concern beyond themselves.

5. Most of them seemed, by the rapidity of their motion, too busy to gratify the curiosity of a stranger, and, therefore, I was content for a while to gaze upon them, without interrupting them with troublesome inquiries.

6. But seeing a young man, gay and thoughtless, I resolved to accost him, and was informed that I was in the garden of HOPE, the daughter of DESIRE, and that all those whom I saw thus tumultuously bustling round me, were incited by the promises of Hope, and hastening to seize the gifts which she held in her hand.

7. I turned my sight upward, and saw a goddess in the bloom of youth sitting on a throne: around her lay all the gifts of fortune, and all the blessings of life were spread abroad to view; she had a perpetual gaiety of aspect, and every one imagined that her smile, which was impartial and general, was directed to himself, and triumphed in his own superiority to others, who had conceived the same confidence from the same mistake.

8. I then mounted an eminence, from which I had a more extensive view of the whole place, and could with less perplexity consider the different conduct of the crowds that filled it. From this station I observed that the entrance into the garden of Hope was by two gates, one of which was kept by REASON, and the other by FANCY.

9. Reason was surly and scrupulous, and seldom turned the key without many interrogatories and long hesitation: but Fancy was a kind and gentle portress; she held her gate wide open, and welcomed all equally to the district under her superintendence; so that the passage was crowded by all those who either feared the examination of Reason, or had been rejected by her.

10. From the gate of Reason there was a way to the throne of Hope, by a craggy, slippery, and winding path, called the *Strait of Difficulty*, which those who entered with

permission of the guard endeavoured to climb. But, though they surveyed the way very carefully before they began to rise, and marked out the several stages of their progress, they commonly found unexpected obstacles, and were obliged frequently to stop on the sudden, where they imagined the way plain and even. A thousand intricacies embarrassed them, a thousand slips threw them back, and a thousand pitfalls impeded their advance.

11. So formidable were the dangers, and so frequent the miscarriages, that many returned from the first attempt, and many fainted in the midst of the way, and only a very small number were led up to the summit of Hope, by the hand of Fortitude. Of these few, the greater part, when they had obtained the gift which Hope had promised them, regretted the labour which it cost, and felt in their success the regret of disappointment; the rest retired with their prize, and were led by Wisdom to the bowers of Content.

12. Turning then towards the gate of Fancy, I could find no way to the seat of Hope; but though she sat full in view, and held out her gifts with an air of invitation, which filled every heart with rapture, the mountain was, on that side, inaccessibly steep, but so channelled and shaded, that none perceived the impossibility of ascending it, but each imagined himself to have discovered a way to which the rest were strangers.

13. Many expedients were indeed tried by this industrious tribe, of whom some were making themselves wings, which others were contriving to actuate by the perpetual motion. But with all their labour, and all their artifices, they never rose above the ground, or quickly fell back, nor ever approached the throne of Hope, but continued still to gaze at a distance, and laughed at the slow progress of those whom they saw toiling in the *Strait of Difficulty*.

14. Part of the favourites of Fancy, when they had entered the garden, without making, like the rest, any attempt to climb the mountain, turned immediately to the Vale of Idleness, a calm and undisturbed retirement, from whence they could always have Hope in prospect, and to which they pleased themselves with believing that she intended speedily to descend. These were indeed scorned by all the rest; but they seemed very little affected by contempt, advice, or reproof, but were resolved to expect at ease the favour of the goddess.

15. Among this gay race I was wandering, and found them ready to answer all my questions, and willing to communicate all their mirth: but, turning round, I saw two dreadful monsters entering the vale: one of them I knew to be Age, and the other Want. Sport and revelling were now at an end, and a universal shriek of affright and distress burst out and awaked me.

JOHNSON.



LESSON CXXII.

Speech of James Otis.

1. England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those, against which we now contend, have cost one King of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

2. We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous,—and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

3. Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?” No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land.

4. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

5. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns

and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population.

6. And do we owe all this to the kind succour of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

7. But perhaps others will say, “ We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses.” And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why the King—(and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne.

8. In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

9. But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule.

10. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily requited. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

LESSON CXXIII.

Extract from a Discourse in commemoration of the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

The distinguished Eulogist, after describing the character of Mr. Adams's eloquence, attempts an imitation of it in the following remarkable address, which he supposes the immortal patriot to have made when the Declaration of Independence was under consideration in the Continental Congress.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, ~~survive~~ or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interests for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

2. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague, near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance?

3. Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill, and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

4. I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when pushing him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general

conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

5. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for the defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him.

6. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign.—Nay, I maintain that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

7. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, Sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

8. If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow if we but take the lead.

9. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this decla-

ration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honour.

10. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker-hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

11. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I indeed may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

12. But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude and of joy.

13. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER!

D. WEBSTER.

LESSON CXXIV.

From the same.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

1. Mr. Jefferson's discharge of his diplomatic duties was marked by great ability, diligence, and patriotism; and while he resided at Paris, in one of the most interesting periods, his character for intelligence, his love of knowledge, and of the society of learned men, distinguished him in the highest circles of the French capital. No court in Europe had, at that time, in Paris a representative commanding or enjoying higher regard for political knowledge or for general attainment, than the minister of this then infant republic.

2. Placed at the head of the Department of State, he manifested conspicuous ability. His correspondence with the ministers of other powers residing here, and his instructions to our own diplomatic agents abroad, are among our ablest State Papers. A thorough knowledge of the laws and usages of nations, perfect acquaintance with the immediate subject before him, great felicity, and still greater facility, in writing, show themselves in whatever effort his official station called on him to make.

3. On the retirement of General Washington from the Presidency, and the election of Mr. Adams to that office, he was chosen Vice President. In 1801 he was elected President; and re-elected in 1805 by a vote approaching towards unanimity.

4. There remained to Mr. Jefferson yet one other work of patriotism and beneficence, the establishing of a university in his native state. To this object he devoted years of incessant and anxious attention, and by the co-operation of other able and zealous friends, he lived to see it accomplished. May all success attend it.

5. From the time of his final retirement from public life, Mr. Jefferson lived as became a wise man. Surrounded by affectionate friends, his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge undiminished, with uncommon health and unbroken spirits, he was able to enjoy largely the rational pleasures of life, and to partake in that public prosperity which he had so much contributed to produce.

6. His kindness and hospitality, the charm of his con-

versation, the ease of his manners, the extent of his acquirements, and especially the full store of revolutionary incidents, which he possessed, and which he knew how and when to dispense, rendered his abode in a high degree attractive to his admiring countrymen, while his high public and scientific character drew towards him every intelligent and educated traveller from abroad.

7. Thus useful and thus respected passed the old age of Thomas Jefferson. But time was on its ever-ceaseless wing, and was now bringing the last hour of this illustrious man. He saw its approach with undisturbed serenity. He counted the moments as they passed, and beheld that his last sands were falling.

8. That day, too, was at hand, which he had helped to make immortal. One wish, one hope—if it were not presumptuous—beat in his fainting breast. Could it be so—might it please God—he would desire, once more—to see the sun—once more to look abroad on the scene around him, on the great day of liberty. Heaven in its mercy fulfilled that prayer. He saw that sun—he enjoyed its sacred light—he thanked God for this mercy, and bowed his aged head to the grave.

9. Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson had the pleasure of knowing that the respect, which they so largely received, was not paid to their official stations. They were not men made great by office; but great men on whom the country, for its own benefit, had conferred office.

10. There was that in them, which office did not give, and which the relinquishment of office did not, nor could not, take away. In their retirement, in the midst of their fellow citizens, themselves private citizens, they enjoyed as high regard and esteem, as when filling the most important places of public trust.

D. WEBSTER.



LESSON CXXV.

The Social Duties: Benevolence, Justice, Charity, Religion.

1. When thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge His goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endowed thee with speech, and placed thee in society to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

2. Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation, thy protection from the injuries, the enjoyments of the comforts and the pleasures of life, all these thou owest to the assistance of others; and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society. It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

3. As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works. He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour. He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

4. His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasion thereof; in removing the oppression of another, he relieveth himself. From the largeness of his mind he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

5. The peace of society dependeth on justice; the happiness of individuals, on the safe enjoyment of all their possessions. Keep the desires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation; let the hand of justice lead them aright. Cast not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be sacred from thy touch.

6. In thy dealings with men be impartial and just; and do unto them as thou wouldest they should do unto thee. When thou sellest for gain, hear the whispering of conscience, and be satisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make any advantage to thyself. Pay the debts which thou owest; for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thine honour: and to withhold from him his due, is both mean and unjust.

7. Finally; O son of society! examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid; and if, in any of those things, thou findest thou hast transgressed, take sorrow and shame to thyself, and make speedy reparation to the utmost of thy power.

8. Happy is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love. From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the good of

mankind. He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

9. He censureth not his neighbour; he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence; neither repeateth he their slanders. He forgiveth the injuries of men; he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart. For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies; but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

10. The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion, he endeavours to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour. He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity. He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good will; and his name is repeated with praise and benedictions.

11. The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wisdom. He hath instituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied them in all beings; and each by his nature, conform to his will. His goodness is conspicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

12. The creatures of his hand declare his goodness, and all their enjoyments speak his praise; he clotheth them with beauty; he supporteth them with food; and preserveth them from generation to generation. If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory shineth forth; if we cast them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodness: the hills and the valleys rejoice and sing; fields, rivers, and woods, resound his praise.

13. But thee, O man! he hath distinguished with peculiar favour, and exalted thy station above all creatures. He hath endowed thee with reason to maintain thy dominion; he hath fitted thee with language to improve by society; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation, to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

14. And in the laws he hath ordained as a rule of thy life, so kindly hath he suited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happiness to thyself. "O praise his goodness with songs of thanksgiving, and meditate in silence on the wonders of his love: let thy heart overflow

with gratitude and acknowledgement; let the language of thy lips speak praise and adoration; let the actions of thy life show thy love to his law."



LESSON CXXVI.

On Sincerity.

1. Sincerity, by which I mean honesty in men's dealings with each other, is a virtue praised by every one, and the practice of it is, I believe, more common than gloomy moralists are willing to allow. The love of truth, and of justice, are so strongly implanted in our minds, that few men are so hardened, or so insensible, as knowingly and deliberately to commit dishonest actions, and a little observation soon convinces those who are engaged in a variety of transactions, that honesty is wisdom, and knavery folly.

2. But though, according to this acceptation of the phrase, men are seldom insincere, or literally dishonest, in the ordinary transactions of life; yet, I believe, there is another and a higher species of sincerity, which is very seldom to be met with in any degree of perfection; I mean that sincerity which leads a man to be honest to himself, and to his own mind, and which will prevent him from being imposed upon, or deceived by his own passions and inclinations. From that secret approbation which our mind leads us to give to what is virtuous and honourable, we cannot easily bear the consciousness of being dishonest.

3. Hence, therefore, when men are desirous to give way to their evil inclinations and passions, they are willing, nay, at times, they are even at pains to deceive themselves. They look out for some specious apology, they seek for some colour and disguise, by which they may reconcile their conduct to the appearance of right, and may commit wrong, under the belief that they are innocent, nay, sometimes that they are acting a praiseworthy part.

4. Thus there are men who would abhor the thought of deceiving themselves; and, while they believe that they are sincere, and are really so, in the restricted sense in which I have used this word, are, in all the important actions of their life, under the influence of deceit. STEELE.

LESSON CXXVII.

Extract from the Speech of the Hon. R. Y. HAYNE, in reply to Hon. D. WEBSTER, in the Senate of the United States, on the principles of the Constitution, Jan. 1830.

1. The honourable gentleman of Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New England; and instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which *he had preferred*, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges, and losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there.

2. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the South, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the State which I have the honour to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience—of acknowledged talents and profound sagacity—pursuing a course like this, declining the contest from the West, and making war upon the unoffending South, I must believe, I am bound to believe, he has some object in view that he has not ventured to disclose.

3. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is over matched by that senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered COALITION come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eye-balls of the gentleman," and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes, and honours lost for ever, still floating before his heated imagination?

4. If it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the East from the contest it has provoked with the West, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defence of my friend from Missouri. The South shall not be forced into a conflict not its own.

5. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant West needs no aid from the South to repel any attack which may be made on them from any quar-

ter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can—and if he win the victory, let him wear its honours: I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

6. In commenting upon my views, in relation to the public lands, the gentleman insists, that it being one of the conditions of the grants, that these lands should be applied to “the common benefit of all the States, they must always remain *a fund for revenue;*” and adds, “they must be *treated as so much treasure.*” Sir, the gentleman could hardly find language strong enough to convey his disapprobation of the policy which I had ventured to recommend to the favourable consideration of the country.

7. And what, sir, was that policy, and what is the difference between that gentleman and myself, on this subject? I threw out the idea, that the public lands ought not to be reserved for ever, as “a great fund for revenue;” that they ought not to be “treated as a great treasure;” but, that the course of our policy should rather be directed towards the creation of new states, and building up great and flourishing communities.



LESSON CXXVIII.

The same continued.

1. In the course of my former remarks, Mr. President, I took occasion to deprecate, as one of the greatest evils, *the consolidation of this Government.* The gentleman takes alarm at the sound. “*Consolidation, like the tariff,*” grates upon his ear. He tells us “we have heard much of late about consolidation; that it is the rallying word for all who are endeavouring to weaken the *Union*, by adding to the power of the States.”

2. But consolidation (says the gentleman) was the very object for which the Union was formed; and, in support of that opinion, he read a passage from the address of the President of the Convention to Congress, which he assumes to be authority on his side of the question. But, sir, the gentleman is mistaken. The object of the framers of the constitution, as disclosed in that address, was not the *consolidation of the Government*, but “*the consolidation of the Union.*”

3. It was not to draw power from the States in order to transfer it to a great National Government, but, in the language of the Constitution itself, "to form a *more perfect Union*,"—and by what means? By "establishing justice, promoting domestic tranquillity, and securing the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." This is the true reading of the constitution.

4. But, according to the gentleman's reading, the object of the constitution was to *consolidate the Government*, and the means would seem to be, the promotion of *injustice*, causing domestic *discord*, and depriving the States and the people "of the blessings of liberty" for ever.

5. The people whom I represent, Mr. President, are the descendants of those who brought with them to this country, as the most precious of their possessions, "an ardent love of liberty;" and while that shall be preserved, they will always be found manfully struggling against the *consolidation of the Government*—AS THE WORST OF EVILS.



LESSON CXXIX.

The same continued.

1. We in 1824 find the senator from Massachusetts expressing his opinion on the tariff as a member of the house of representatives from the city of Boston. On that occasion, sir, the gentleman assumed a position which commanded the respect and admiration of his country. He stood forth the powerful and fearless champion of *free trade*.

2. He met, in that conflict, the advocates of restriction and monopoly, and they "fled from before his face." With a profound sagacity, a fulness of knowledge, and a richness of illustration that has never been surpassed, he maintained and established the principles of commercial freedom on a foundation never to be shaken.

3. Great, indeed, was the victory achieved by the gentleman on that occasion; most striking the contrast between the clear, forcible, and convincing arguments by which he carried away the understandings of his hearers, and the narrow views and wretched sophistry of *another distin-*

gnished orator, who may be truly said to have "held up his farthing candle to the sun."

4. Sir, the Senator from Massachusetts, on that, the proudest day of his life, like a mighty giant, bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving its adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins. Then it was that he erected to free trade a beautiful and enduring monument, and "inscribed the marble with his name."

5. Mr. President, it is with pain and regret that I now go forward to the next great era in the political life of that gentleman, when he was found on this floor, supporting, advocating, and finally voting for the Tariff of 1828—that "bill of abominations." By that act, Sir, the Senator from Massachusetts has destroyed the labours of his whole life, and given a wound to the cause of free trade, never to be healed.

6. Sir, when I recollect the position which the gentleman once occupied, and that which he now holds in public estimation, in relation to this subject, it is not at all surprising that the Tariff should be hateful to his ears. Sir, if I had erected to my own fame so proud a monument as that which the gentleman built up in 1824, and I could have been tempted to destroy it with my own hands, I should hate the voice that should ring "the offensive Tariff" in my ears.

7. But, Mr. President, what are we of the South to think of what we have heard this day? The Senator from Massachusetts tells us that the Tariff is not an Eastern measure, and treats it as if the East had no interest in it. The Senator from Missouri insists it is not a Western measure, and that it has done no good to the West. The South comes in, and, in the most earnest manner, represents to you, that this measure, which we are told "is of no value to the East or West," is "utterly destructive of our interests."

8. We represent to you, that it has spread ruin and devastation through the land, and prostrated our hopes in the dust. We solemnly declare that we believe the system to be wholly unconstitutional, and a violation of the compact between the States and the Union; and our brethren *turn a deaf ear to our complaints*, and refuse to relieve us from a system "which not enriches them, but makes us poor indeed."

9. Mr. President, *has it come to this?* Do gentlemen hold the feelings and wishes of their brethren at so cheap a rate, that they refuse to gratify them at so small a price? Do gentlemen value so lightly the peace and harmony of the country, that they will not yield a measure of this description to the affectionate entreaties and earnest remonstrance of their friends?

10. Do gentlemen estimate the value of the Union at so low a price, that they will not even make one effort to bind the States together with the cords of affection? And has it come to this? Is this the spirit in which this Government is to be administered? If so, let me tell gentlemen, the seeds of dissolution are already sown, and our children will reap the bitter fruit.



LESSON CXXX.

The same continued.

1. If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparisons with any other for an uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

2. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

3. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honour New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honour is due to the

South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute.

4. Favourites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty, that their trade would be for ever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all, in the sacred cause of freedom.

5. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

6. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumpeters and her Marions,) proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

7. Sir, nothing has been further from my thoughts than to impeach the character or conduct of the people of New England. For their steady habits and hardy virtues, I trust I entertain a becoming respect. I fully subscribe to the truth of the description given before the Revolution, by one whose praise is the highest eulogy, "that the perseverance of Holland, the activity of France, the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, have been more than equalled by this "recent people."

8. Hardy, enterprising, sagacious, industrious, and moral, the people of New England of the present day, are worthy of their ancestors. Still less, Mr. President, has it been my intention to say any thing that could be construed into a want of respect for that party, who, trampling on all narrow, sectional feelings, have been true to their principles in the worst of times—I mean the democracy of New England.

LESSON CXXXI.

The same continued.

1. Sir, I will declare, that, highly as I appreciate the democracy of the South, I consider even higher praise to be due to the democracy of New England, who have maintained their principles "through good and through evil report," who, at every period of our national history, have stood up manfully for "their country, their whole country, and nothing but their country."

2. In the great political revolution of '98, they were found united with the democracy of the South, marching under the banner of the constitution, led on by the patriarch of liberty, in search of the land of political promise, which they lived not only to behold, but to possess and to enjoy.

3. Again, sir, in the darkest and most gloomy period of the war, when our country stood single handed, against "the conqueror of the conquerors of the world," when all about and around them was dark and dreary, disastrous and discouraging, they stood, a Spartan band, in that narrow pass, where the honour of their country was to be defended, or to find its grave.

4. And in the last great struggle, involving, as we believe, the very existence of the principle of popular sovereignty, where were the democracy of New England? Where they always have been found, sir, struggling side by side, with their brethren of the South and the West, for popular rights, and assisting in that glorious triumph, by which the man of the people was elevated to the highest office in their gift.

6. Who then, Mr. President, are the true friends of the Union? Those who would confine the federal government strictly within the limits prescribed by the Constitution; who would preserve to the States and the people all powers not expressly delegated; who would make this a federal and not a national Union, and who, administering the government in a spirit of equal justice, would make it a blessing, and not a curse.

7. And who are its enemies? Those who are in favour of consolidation—who are constantly stealing power from the States, and adding strength to the federal government

Who, assuming an unwarrantable jurisdiction over the states and the people, undertake to regulate the whole industry and capital of the country. But, sir, of all descriptions of men, I consider those as the worst enemies of the Union, who sacrifice the equal rights which belong to every member of the confederacy, to combinations of interested majorities, for personal or political objects.

8. But the gentleman apprehends no evil from the dependence of the states on the federal government; he can see no danger of corruption from the influence of money or of patronage. Sir, I know that it is supposed to be a wise saying, "that patronage is a source of weakness," and in support of that maxim, it has been said, that "every ten appointments makes a hundred enemies."

9. But I am rather inclined to think, with the eloquent and sagacious orator now reposing on his laurels on the banks of the Roanoke, that "the power of conferring favours creates a crowd of dependants;" he gave a forcible illustration of the truth of the remark, when he told us of the effect of holding up the savoury morsel to the eager eyes of the hungry hounds gathered around his door.



LESSON CXXXII.

The same continued.

1. It will be seen, Mr. President, that the South Carolina doctrine is the republican doctrine of '98; that it was promulgated by the fathers of the faith—that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times—that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned—that it embraces the very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the constitution at its last gasp, and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt, when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation.

2. Sir, as to the doctrine that the federal government is the exclusive judge of the extent as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the States. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the supreme court are invested with this power.

3. If the federal government, in all or any of its departments, are to prescribe the limits of its own authority, and the States are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves, when the barriers of the constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically a "government without limitation of powers." The states are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy.

4. I have but one word more to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina, to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved—a firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures of the federal government have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin.

5. But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest, a principle, which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the constitution, brings the states and the people to the feet of the federal government, and leaves them nothing they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the federal government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation.

6. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance to unauthorised taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave.

7. Sir, if in acting on these high motives—if animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character—we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

LESSON CXXXIII.

Extract from a Speech of the Hon. D. WEBSTER, in reply to the Hon. R. Y. HAYNE, in the Senate of the United States, on the Principles of the Constitution, Jan. 1830.

1. Mr. President, in carrying his warfare, such as it was, into New England, the honourable gentleman all along professes to be acting on the defensive. He elects to consider me as having assailed South Carolina, and insists that he comes forth only as her champion, and in her defence. Sir, I do not admit that I made any attack whatever on South Carolina. Nothing like it. The honourable member in his first speech, expressed opinions, in regard to revenue, and some other topics, which I heard both with pain and with surprise.

2. I told the gentleman that I was aware that such sentiments were entertained *out of* the Government, but had not expected to find them advanced in it; that I knew there were persons in the South who speak of our Union with indifference, or doubt, taking pains to magnify its evils, and to say nothing of its benefits; that the honourable member himself, I was sure, could never be one of these; and I regretted the expression of such opinions as he had avowed, because I thought their obvious tendency was to encourage feelings of disrespect to the Union, and to weaken its connexion.

3. This, sir, is the sum and substance of all I said on the subject. And this constitutes the attack, which called on the chivalry of the gentleman, in his opinion, to harry us with such a foray, among the party pamphlets and party proceedings of Massachusetts! If he means that I spoke with dissatisfaction or disrespect of the ebullitions of individuals in South Carolina, it is true.

4. But, if he means that I had assailed the character of the State, her honour, or patriotism; that I had reflected on her history or her conduct, he had not the slightest ground for any such assumption. I did not even refer, I think, in my observations, to any collection of individuals. I said nothing of the recent Conventions. I spoke in the most guarded and careful manner, and only expressed my regret for the publication of opinions which I presumed the honourable member disapproved as much as myself. In this, it seems, I was mistaken.

5. I do not remember that the gentleman has disclaimed any sentiment, or any opinion, of a supposed anti-union tendency, which on all, or any of the recent occasions has been expressed. The whole drift of his speech has been rather to prove, that, in divers times and manners, sentiments equally liable to my objection have been promulgated in New England.

6. And one would suppose that his object in this reference to Massachusetts, was to find a precedent to justify proceedings in the South, were it not for the reproach and contumely with which he labours, all along, to load these, his own chosen precedents. By way of defending South Carolina from what he chooses to think an attack on her, he first quotes the example of Massachusetts, and then denounces that example, in good set terms.



LESSON CXXXIV.

The same continued.

1. Then, sir, the gentleman has no fault to find with these recently promulgated South Carolina opinions. And, certainly, he need have none; for his own sentiments, as now advanced, and advanced on reflection, as far as I have been able to comprehend them, go the full length of all these opinions. I propose, sir, to say something on these, and to consider how far they are just and constitutional.

2. Before doing that, however, let me observe, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honourable gentleman for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honourable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced.

3. I claim part of the honour, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen one and all. The Laurences, the Rutledges, the Pinkneys, the Sumpsters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

4. In their day and generation, they served and honoured the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country.—Him, whose honoured name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina?

5. Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name, so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

6. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State, or neighbourhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

7. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return!

8. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand in hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

9. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker

Hill—and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice; and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit.

10. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigour it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.



LESSON CXXXV.

The same continued.

1. There yet remains to be performed, Mr. President, by far the most grave and important duty, which I feel to be devolved on me, by this occasion. It is to state, and to defend, which I conceive to be the true principles of the Constitution under which we are here assembled. I might well have desired that so weighty a task should have fallen into other and abler hands.

2. I could have wished that it should have been executed by those, whose character and experience give weight and influence to their opinions, such as cannot possibly belong to mine. But, sir, I have met the occasion, not sought it; and I shall proceed to state my own sentiments, without challenging for them any particular regard, with studied plainness, and as much precision as possible.

3. I understand the honourable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain, that it is a right of the State Legislatures to interfere, whenever, in their judgment, this Government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

4. I understand him to maintain this right, as a right

existing under the Constitution; not as a right to overthrow it, on the ground of extreme necessity, such as would justify violent revolution.

5. I understand him to maintain an authority, on the part of the States, thus to interfere, for the purpose of correcting the exercise of power by the General Government, of checking it, and of compelling it to conform to their opinion of the extent of its powers.

6. I understand him to maintain, that the ultimate power of judging of the constitutional extent of its own authority, is not lodged exclusively in the General Government, or any branch of it; but that, on the contrary, the States may lawfully decide for themselves, and each State for itself, whether, in a given case, the act of the General Government transcends its power.

7. I understand him to insist, that if the exigency of the case, in the opinion of any State Government, require it, such State Government may, by its own sovereign authority, annul an act of the General Government, which it deems plainly and palpably unconstitutional.

8. This is the sum of what I understand from him, to be the South Carolina doctrine; and the doctrine which he maintains. I propose to consider it, and to compare it with the Constitution. Allow me to say, as a preliminary remark, that I call this the South Carolina doctrine, only because the gentleman himself has so denominated it. I do not feel at liberty to say that South Carolina, as a State, has ever advanced these sentiments. I hope she has not, and never may.

9. That a great majority of her people are opposed to the tariff laws, is doubtless true. That a majority, somewhat less than that just mentioned, conscientiously believe these laws unconstitutional, may probably also be true. But, that any majority holds to the right of direct State interference, at State discretion, the right of nullifying acts of Congress, by acts of State legislation, is more than I know, and what I shall be slow to believe.

10. That there are individuals, besides the honourable gentleman, who do maintain these opinions, is quite certain. I recollect the recent expression of a sentiment, which circumstances attending its utterance and publication, justify us in supposing was not unpremeditated. "The sovereignty of the State—never to be controlled, construed,

or decided on, but by her own feelings of honourable justice."

11. What he (Mr. Hayne) contends for, is, that it is constitutional to interrupt the administration of the Constitution itself, in the hands of those who are chosen and sworn to administer it, by the direct interference, in form of law, of the States, in virtue of their sovereign capacity. The inherent right in the people to reform their government, I do not deny; and they have another right, and that is, to resist unconstitutional laws, without overturning the Government.

12. It is no doctrine of mine, that unconstitutional laws bind the people. The great question is, *whose prerogative is it to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws?* On that, the main debate hinges. The proposition, that, in case of a supposed violation of the Constitution by Congress, the States have a constitutional right to interfere, and annul the law of Congress, is the proposition of the gentleman: I do not admit it.

13. If the gentleman had intended no more than to assert the right of revolution, for justifiable cause, he would have said only what all agree to. But I cannot conceive that there can be a middle course, between submission to the laws, when regularly pronounced constitutional, on the one hand, and open resistance, which is revolution, or rebellion, on the other. I say, the right of a State to annul a law of Congress, cannot be maintained, but on the ground of the unalienable right of man to resist oppression; that is to say, upon the ground of revolution.

14. I admit that there is an ultimate violent remedy, above the Constitution, and in defiance of the Constitution, which may be resorted to, when a revolution is to be justified. But I do not admit that, under the Constitution, and in conformity with it, there is any mode in which a State Government, as a member of the Union, can interfere and stop the progress of the General Government, by force of her own laws, under any circumstances whatever.

LESSON CXXXVI.

The same continued.

1. This leads us to inquire into the origin of this Government, and the source of its power. Whose agent is it? Is it the creature of the State Legislatures, or the creature of the people? If the Government of the United States be the agent of the State Governments, then they may control it, provided they can agree in the manner of controlling it; if it be the agent of the people, then the people alone can control it, restrain it, modify, or reform it.

2. It is observable enough, that the doctrine for which the honourable gentleman contends, leads him to the necessity of maintaining, not only that this General Government is the creature of the States, but that it is the creature of each of the States severally; so that each may assert the power, for itself, of determining whether it acts within the limits of its authority. It is the servant of four-and-twenty masters, of different wills and different purposes, and yet bound to obey all. This absurdity (for it seems no less) arises from a misconception as to the origin of this Government and its true character.

3. It is, sir, the people's Constitution, the people's Government; made for the people; made by the people; and answerable to the people. The people of the United States have declared that this Constitution shall be the supreme law. We must either admit the proposition, or dispute their authority. The States are, unquestionably, sovereign, so far as their sovereignty is not affected by this supreme law. But the State Legislatures, as political bodies, however sovereign, are yet not sovereign over the people.

4. So far as the people have given power to the General Government, so far the grant is unquestionably good, and the Government holds of the people, and not of the State Governments. We are all agents of the same supreme power, the people. The General Government and the State Governments derive their authority from the same source. Neither can, in relation to the other, be called primary, though one is definite and restricted, and the other general and residuary.

5. The National Government possesses those powers which it can be shown the people have conferred on it, and

no more. All the rest belongs to the State Governments or to the people themselves. So far as the people have restrained State sovereignty, by the expression of their will, in the Constitution of the United States, so far, it must be admitted, State sovereignty is effectually controlled. I do not contend that it is, or ought to be, controlled farther.

6. The sentiment to which I have referred, propounds that State sovereignty is only to be controlled by its own "feeling of justice;" that is to say, it is not to be controlled at all: for one who is to follow his own feelings is under no legal control. Now, however men may think this ought to be, the fact is, that the people of the United States have chosen to impose control on State sovereignties.

7. There are those, doubtless, who wish they had been left without restraint; but the Constitution has ordered the matter differently. To make war, for instance, is an exercise of sovereignty; but the Constitution declares that no State shall make war. To coin money is another exercise of sovereign power; but no State is at liberty to coin money.

8. Again, the Constitution says that no sovereign State shall be so sovereign as to make a treaty. These prohibitions, it must be confessed, are a control on the State sovereignty of South Carolina, as well as of the other States, which does not arise "from her own feelings of honourable justice." Such an opinion, therefore, is in defiance of the plainest provisions of the Constitution.

9. Is the voice of our own state conclusive? It so happens that at the very moment when South Carolina resolves that the tariff laws are unconstitutional, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, resolve exactly the reverse. They hold those laws to be both highly proper and strictly constitutional. And now, sir, how does the honourable member propose to deal with this case? How does he relieve us from this difficulty, upon any principle of his? His construction gets us into it; how does he propose to get us out?

10. In Carolina, the tariff is a palpable, deliberate usurpation: Carolina, therefore, may *nullify* it, and refuse to pay the duties. In Pennsylvania, it is both clearly constitutional, and highly expedient; and there, the duties are to be paid. And yet, we live under a government of uniform laws, and under a constitution, too, which contains an ex-

press provision, as it happens, that all duties shall be equal in all the states! Does not this approach absurdity?

11. If there be no power to settle such questions, independent of either of the states, is not the whole union a rope of sand? Are we not thrown back again, precisely upon the old confederation?

12. It is too plain to be argued. Four-and-twenty interpreters of constitutional law, each with a power to decide for itself, and none with authority to bind any body else, and this constitutional law the only bond of their union! What is such a state of things, but a mere connexion during pleasure, or, to use the phraseology of the times, *during feeling*? And that feeling, too, not the feeling of the people, who established the constitution, but the feeling of the state governments?



LESSON CXXXVII.

The same continued.

1. South Carolina sees unconstitutionality in the Tariff; she sees oppression there, also; and she sees danger.—Pennsylvania, with a vision not less sharp, looks at the same Tariff, and sees no such thing in it—she sees it all constitutional, all useful, all safe. The faith of South Carolina is strengthened by opposition, and she now not only sees, but *Resolves*, that the Tariff is palpably unconstitutional, oppressive, and dangerous: but Pennsylvania, not to be behind her neighbours, and equally willing to strengthen her own faith by a confident asseveration, *Resolves*, also, and gives to every warm affirmative of South Carolina, a plain, down right, Pennsylvania negative.

2. South Carolina, to show the strength and unity of her opinion, brings her assembly to a unanimity, within seven voices; Pennsylvania, not to be outdone in this respect more than others, reduces her dissentient fraction to a single vote. Now, sir, again I ask the gentleman, what is to be done? Are these States both right? Is he bound to consider them both right? If not, which is in the wrong? or rather, which has the best right to decide?

3. And if he, and if I, are not to know what the Constitution means, and what it is, till those two State Legisla-

tures, and the twenty-two others, shall agree in its construction, what have we sworn to, when we have sworn to maintain it? One of two things is true; either the laws of the Union are beyond the discretion, and beyond the control of the States; or else we have no Constitution of General Government, and are thrust back again to the days of the Confederacy.

4. Let me here say, sir, that if the gentleman's doctrine had been received and acted upon in New England, in the times of the embargo and non-intercourse, we should probably not now have been here. The Government would, very likely, have gone to pieces, and crumbled into dust. No stronger case can ever arise than existed under those laws: no states can ever entertain a clearer conviction than the New England States then entertained; and if they had been under the influence of that heresy of opinion, as I must call it, which the honourable member espouses, this Union would, in all probability, have been scattered to the four winds.

5. I ask the gentleman, therefore, to apply his principles to that case; I ask him to come forth and declare, whether, in his opinion, the New England States would have been justified in interfering to break up the embargo system, under the conscientious opinions which they held upon it? Had they a right to annul that law? Does he admit or deny?

6. If that which is thought palpably unconstitutional in South Carolina, justifies that State in arresting the progress of the law, tell me, whether that which was thought palpably unconstitutional also in Massachusetts, would have justified her in doing the same thing? Sir, I deny the whole doctrine. It has not a foot of ground in the Constitution to stand on. No public man of reputation ever advanced it in Massachusetts, in the warmest times, or could maintain himself upon it there at any time.

7. I must now beg to ask, sir, whence is this supposed right of the States derived?—where do they find the power to interfere with the laws of the Union? Sir, the opinion which the honourable gentleman maintains, is a notion, founded in a total misapprehension, in my judgment, of the origin of this Government, and of the foundation on which it stands.

8. I hold it to be a popular Government, erected by the

people; those who administer it responsible to the people; and itself capable of being amended and modified, just as the people may choose it should be. It is as popular, just as truly emanating from the people, as the State Governments. It is created for one purpose; the State Governments for another. It has its own powers; they have theirs. There is no more authority with them to arrest the operation of a law of Congress, than with Congress to arrest the operation of their laws.

9. We are here to administer a Constitution emanating immediately from the people, and trusted, by them, to our administration. It is not the creature of the State Governments. It is of no moment to the argument, that certain acts of the State Legislatures are necessary to fill our seats in this body.—That is not one of their original state powers, a part of the sovereignty of the State.

10. It is a duty which the people, by the Constitution itself, have imposed on the State Legislatures; and which they might have left to be performed elsewhere, if they had seen fit. So they had left the choice of President with electors; but all this does not affect the proposition, that this whole Government, President, Senate, and House of Representatives, is a popular Government.

11. It leaves it still all its popular character. 'The Governor of a State, (in some of the States) is chosen, not directly by the people, but by those who are chosen by the people, for the purpose of performing, among other duties, that of electing a Governor. Is the Government of the State, on that account, not a popular Government? This Government, sir, is the independent offspring of the popular will.

12. It is not the creature of State Legislatures; nay, more, if the whole truth must be told, the people brought it into existence, established it, and have hitherto supported it, for the very purpose, amongst others, of imposing certain salutary restraints on State sovereignties. The States cannot now make war; they cannot contract alliances; they cannot make, each for itself, separate regulations of commerce; they cannot lay imposts; they cannot coin money. If this Constitution, sir, be the creature of State Legislatures, it must be admitted that it has obtained a strange control over the volitions of its creators.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

The same continued.

1. The people, then, sir, erected this Government. They gave it a Constitution, and in that Constitution they have enumerated the powers which they bestow on it. They have made it a limited Government. They have defined its authority. They have restrained it to the exercise of such powers as are granted; and all others, they declare, are reserved to the States or the people.

2. But, sir, they have not stopped here. If they had, they would have accomplished but half their work. No definition can be so clear, as to avoid possibility of doubt; no limitation so precise, as to exclude all uncertainty. Who, then, shall construe this grant of the people? Who shall interpret their will, where it may be supposed they have left it doubtful?

3. With whom do they repose this ultimate right of deciding on the powers of the Government? Sir, they have settled all this in the fullest manner. They have left it, with the Government itself, in its appropriate branches. Sir, the very chief end, the main design, for which the whole Constitution was framed and adopted, was to establish a Government that should not be obliged to act through State agency, or depend on State opinion and State discretion.

4. The people had had quite enough of that kind of Government, under the Confederacy. Under that system, the legal action—the application of law to individuals, belonged exclusively to the States. Congress could only recommend—their acts were not of binding force till the States had adopted and sanctioned them. Are we in that condition still? Are we at the mercy of State discretion, and State construction? Sir, if we are, then vain will be our attempt to maintain the Constitution under which we sit.

5. But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are, in the Constitution, grants of power to Congress; and restrictions on these powers. There are also, prohibitions on the States. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and prohibitions.

6. The Constitution has itself pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that "*the Constitution and the Laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, any thing in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.*"

7. This, sir, was the first great step. By this, the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States is declared. The people so will it. No State law is to be valid, which comes in conflict with the Constitution, or any law of the United States. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the Constitution itself decides, also, by declaring, "*that the Judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and Laws of the United States.*" These two provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the key-stone of the arch.

8. With these, it is a Constitution; without them, it is a Confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, Congress established, at its very first session, in the Judicial act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the Supreme Court. It then, sir, became a Government.

9. It then had the means of self-protection; and, but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among things which are past. Having constituted the Government, and declared its powers, the people have further said, that since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the Government shall itself decide; subject, always, like other popular governments, to its responsibility to the people. And now, sir, I repeat, how is it that a State Legislature acquires any power to interfere?

10. Who, or what gives them the right to say to the people, "We, who are your agents and servants for one purpose, will undertake to decide, that your other agents and servants, appointed by you for another purpose, have transcended the authority you gave them?"? The reply would be, I think, not impertinent—"Who made you a judge over another's servants? To their own masters they stand or fall."

LESSON CXXXIX.

The same continued.

1. Let it be remembered, that the Constitution of the United States is not unalterable. It is to continue in its present form no longer than the people who established it shall choose to continue it. If they shall become convinced that they have made an injudicious or inexpedient partition and distribution of power, between the State Governments and the General Government, they can alter that distribution at will and pleasure.

2. If any thing be found in the national constitution, either by original provision, or subsequent interpretation, which ought not to be in it, the people know how to get rid of it. If any construction be established, unacceptable to them, so as to become, practically, a part of the Constitution, they will amend it, at their own sovereign pleasure. But while the people choose to maintain it, as it is; while they are satisfied with it, and refuse to change it, who has given, or who can give, to the State Legislatures a right to alter it, either by interference, construction or otherwise?

3. Gentlemen do not seem to recollect that the people have any power to do any thing for themselves; they imagine there is no safety for them, any longer than they are under the close guardianship of the State Legislatures. Sir, the people have not trusted their safety, in regard to the general constitution, to these hands:

4. They have required other security, and taken other bonds. They have chosen to trust themselves, first, to the plain words of the instrument, and to such construction as the government itself, in doubtful cases, should put on its own powers, under their oaths of office, and subject to their responsibility to them; just as the people of a State trust their own State Governments with a similar power.

5. Secondly, they have reposed their trust in the efficacy of frequent elections, and in their own power to remove their own servants and agents, whenever they see cause. Thirdly, they have reposed their trust in the judicial power, which, in order that it might be trust-worthy, they have made as respectable, as disinterested, and as independent as was practicable.

6. Fourthly, they have seen fit to rely, in case of necessity, or high expediency, on their known and admitted power, to alter or amend the Constitution, peaceably and quietly, whenever experience shall point out defects or imperfections. And, finally, the people of the United States have, at no time, in no way, directly or indirectly, authorised any State Legislature to construe or interpret *their* high instrument of Government; much less to interfere, by their own power, to arrest its course and operation.

7. If, sir, the people, in these respects, had done otherwise than they have done, their Constitution could neither have been preserved, nor would it have been worth preserving. And, if its plain provisions shall now be disregarded, and these new doctrines interpolated in it, it will become as feeble and helpless a being as its enemies, whether early or more recent, could possibly desire. It will exist in every State, but as a poor dependent on State permission. It must borrow leave to be; and will be, no longer than State pleasure, or State discretion, sees fit to grant the indulgence, and to prolong its poor existence.

8. But, sir, although there are fears, there are hopes also. The people have preserved this, their own chosen Constitution, for forty years, and have seen their happiness, prosperity, and renown, grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength. They are now, generally, strongly attached to it. Overthrown by direct assault, it cannot be; evaded, undermined, **NULLIFIED**, it will not be; if we, and those who shall succeed us here, as agents and representatives of the people, shall conscientiously and vigilantly discharge the two great branches of our public trust—faithfully to preserve, and wisely to administer it.

9. Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate, with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments.

10. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and **essential importance** to the public

happiness. I profess, sir, in my career, hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honour of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union.

11. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit.

12. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits.

13. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder.

14. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

15. While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision, never may be opened what lies behind.

16. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glances,

rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as *What is all this worth?*

17. Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—liberty and union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!



LESSON CXL.

Constitutional Doctrine.

FROM THE LETTER OF JAMES MADISON.

1. In order to understand the true character of the Constitution of the United States, the error, not uncommon, must be avoided, of viewing it through the medium either of a consolidated Government, or of a confederated Government, whilst it is neither the one nor the other; but a mixture of both. And having, in no model, the similitudes and analogies applicable to other systems of Government, it must, more than any other, be its own interpreter, according to its text and *the facts of the case*.

2. From these it will be seen, that the characteristic peculiarities of the Constitution are, I, the mode of its formation, II, the division of the supreme powers of Government between the States in their united capacity, and the States in their individual capacities.

3. It was formed, not by the Governments of the component States, as the Federal Government for which it was substituted was formed. Nor was it formed by a majority of the people of the United States, as a single community, in the manner of a consolidated Government.

4. It was formed by the States, that is, by the people in each of the States, acting in their highest sovereign capacity; and formed consequently by the same authority which formed the State Constitutions.

5. Being thus derived from the same source as the Constitutions of the States, it has, within each State, the same authority as the Constitution of the State; and is as much a Constitution, in the strict sense of the term, within its prescribed sphere, as the Constitutions of the States are, within their respective spheres: but with this obvious and essential difference, that, being a compact among the States in their highest sovereign capacity, and constituting the people thereof one people for certain purposes, it cannot be altered or annulled at the will of the States individually, as the Constitution of a State may be at its individual will.

6. And that it divides the supreme power of Government, between the Government of the United States, and the Governments of individual States, is stamped on the face of the instrument; the powers of war and of taxation, of commerce, and of treaties, and other enumerated powers vested in the Government of the United States, being of as high and sovereign a character, as any of the powers reserved to the State Governments.

7. Nor is the Government of the United States, created by the Constitution, less a Government in the strict sense of the term, within the sphere of its powers, than the Governments created by the Constitution of the States are, within their several spheres. It is like them organized into Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary Departments. It operates, like them, directly on persons and things. And, like them, it has at command a physical force for executing the powers committed to it. The concurrent operation in certain cases, is one of the features marking the peculiarity of the system.



LESSON CXLI.

The same continued.

1. Between these different Constitutional Governments, the one operating in all the states, the others operating separately in each; with the aggregate powers of government divided between them, it could not escape attention, that controversies would arise concerning the boundaries of jurisdiction; and that some provision ought to be made for such occurrences.

2. A political system that does not provide for a peaceable and authoritative termination of occurring controversies, would not be more than the shadow of a Government; the object and end of a real Government being the substitution of law and order, for uncertainty, confusion and violence.

3. That to have left a final decision, in such cases, to each of the States, then thirteen, and already twenty-four, could not fail to make the Constitution and laws of the United States different in different states, was obvious and not less obvious, that this diversity of independent decisions, must altogether distract the Government of the Union, and speedily put an end to the Union itself.

4. A uniform authority of the laws is in itself a vital principle. Some of the most important laws could not be partially executed. They must be executed in all the States, or they could be duly executed in none. An impost, or an excise for example, if not in force in some States, would be defeated in others. It is well known that this was among the lessons of experience, which had a primary influence in bringing about the existing Constitution.

5. A loss of its general authority would moreover revive the exasperating questions between the States holding ports for foreign commerce, and the adjoining States without them; to which are now added, all the inland States, necessarily carrying on their foreign commerce through other States.

6. To have made the decisions under the authority of the individual States, co-ordinate, in all cases, with the decisions under the authority of the United States, would unavoidably produce collisions incompatible with the peace of society, and with that regular and efficient administration, which is of the essence of free government. Scenes could not be avoided, in which a ministerial officer of the United States, and the correspondent officer of an individual State, would have encounters in executing conflicting decrees; the result of which would depend on the comparative force of the local *posses* attending them; and that, a casualty depending on the political opinions and party feeling in different States.

7. To have referred every clashing decision, under the two authorities, for a final decision, to the States, as parties to the Constitution, would be attended with delays, with inconveniences, and with expenses, amounting to a prohibition of the expedient; not to mention its tendency to impair

The salutary veneration for a system requiring such frequent interpositions, nor the delicate questions which might present themselves as to the form of stating the appeal, and as to the quorum for deciding it.

8. To have trusted to negotiation for adjusting disputes between the Government of the United States and the State Governments, as between independent and separate sovereignties, would have lost sight altogether of a Constitution and Government for the Union; and opened a direct road from a failure of that resort to the *ultima ratio* between nations wholly independent of and alien to each other. If the idea had its origin in the process of adjustment, between separate branches of the same government, the analogy entirely fails.

9. In the case of disputes between the independent parts of the same government, neither part being able to consummate its will, nor the government to proceed without a concurrence of the parts, necessarily brings about an accommodation. In disputes between a State Government and the Government of the United States, the case is practically as well as theoretically different; each party possessing all the departments of an organized government, legislative, executive and judicial; and having each a physical force to support its pretensions.

10. Although the issue of negotiation might sometimes avoid this extremity, how often would it happen, among so many States, that unaccommodating spirit in some would render that resource unavailing? A contrary supposition would not accord with a knowledge of human nature, or the evidence of our own political history.



LESSON CXLII.

The same continued.

1. It is to be recollect that the Constitution was proposed to the people of the States as *a whole*, and unanimously adopted by the States as *a whole*, it being a part of the Constitution that not less than three-fourths of the States should be competent to make any alteration in what had been unanimously agreed to. So great is the caution on this point, that in two cases where peculiar interests were

at stake, a proportion even of three-fourths is distrusted, and unanimity required to make an alteration.

2. When the Constitution was adopted as a whole, it is certain that there were many parts, which, if separately proposed, would have been promptly rejected. It is far from impossible, that every part of a Constitution might be rejected by a majority, and yet taken together as a whole, be unanimously accepted. Free Constitutions will rarely, if ever, be formed, without reciprocal concessions; without articles conditioned on and balancing each other. Is there a Constitution of a single State out of the twenty-four, that would bear the experiment of having its component parts submitted to the people, and separately decided on?

3. What the fate of the Constitution of the United States would be, if a small proportion of the States could expunge parts of it particularly valued by a large majority, can have but one answer. The difficulty is not removed by limiting the doctrine to cases of construction. How many cases of that sort, involving cardinal provisions of the Constitution, have occurred? How many now exist? How many may hereafter spring up? How many might be ingeniously created, if entitled to the privilege of a decision in the mode proposed?

4. Is it certain that the principle of that mode would not reach further than is contemplated? If a single State can of right require three-fourths of its co-States to overrule its exposition of the Constitution, because that proportion is authorised to amend it, would the plea be less plausible, that, as the Constitution was unanimously established, it ought to be unanimously expounded?

5. The reply to all such suggestions seems to be unavoidable and irresistible; that the Constitution is a compact, that its text is to be expounded according to the provisions for expounding it making a part of the compact; and that none of the parties can rightfully renounce the expounding provision more than any other part. When such a right accrues as may accrue, it must grow out of abuses of the compact releasing the sufferers from their fealty to it.

6. It may often happen, as experience proves, that erroneous constructions not anticipated may not be sufficiently guarded against, in the language used; and it is due to the distinguished individuals who have misconceived the intention of those proceedings, to suppose that the meaning of

the Legislature, though well comprehended at the time, may not now be obvious to those unacquainted with the contemporary indications and impressions.

7. But it is believed, that, by keeping in view the distinction between the Governments of the States, and the States in the sense in which they were parties to the Constitution; between the rights of the parties, in their concurrent and in their individual capacities; between the several modes and objects of interposition against the abuses of power, and especially between interpositions within the purview of the Constitution, and interpositions appealing from the Constitution to the rights of nature paramount to all Constitutions; with an attention, always of explanatory use, to the views and arguments which were combatted, the Resolutions of Virginia, as vindicated in the report on them, will be found entitled to an exposition, showing a consistency in their parts, and an inconsistency of the whole with the doctrine under consideration.



LESSON CXLIII.

Apostrophe of Napoleon Bonaparte.

1. O bury me deep in the boundless sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest wave.
2. As far from the reach of mortal control
Were the depths of my fathomless mind;
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul,
Were tides to the rest of mankind.
3. Then my briny pall shall encircle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mountainous billow, that skyward curled,
Shall to fancy re-echo my name.
4. That name shall be stored in record sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth,
And beam till the wreck of expiring time,
On the glorified land of my birth.

5. Yes, bury my heart in the boundless sea—
 It would burst from a narrower tomb;—
 Should less than an ocean his sepulchre be
 Whose breast was ambition's proud home?

IMPEY.



LESSON CXLIV.

Extract from a Sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise.

1. And now, my hearers, deliberately consider the nature of the missionary enterprise. Reflect upon the dignity of its object, the high moral and intellectual powers, which are to be called forth in its execution! the simplicity, benevolence, and efficacy of the means by which all this is to be achieved; and we ask you, does not every other enterprise, to which man ever put forth his strength, dwindle into insignificance before that of preaching Christ crucified to a lost and perishing world.

2. Engaged in such an object, you can easily perceive how it is that we are not soon disheartened by those who tell us of the difficulties, nay, the hopelessness of our undertaking. They may point us to countries, once the seat of the church, now overspread with Mohammedan delusion; or bidding us look at nations, who once believed as we do, now contending for what we consider fatal error, they may assure us that our cause is declining.

3. The assumption that our cause is declining is utterly gratuitous. We think it not difficult to prove that the distinctive principles we so much venerate, never swayed so powerful an influence over the destinies of the human race, as at this very moment. Point us to those nations of the earth to whom moral and intellectual cultivation, inexhaustible resources, progress in arts, sagacity in council, have assigned the highest rank in political importance, and you point us to nations, whose religious opinions are most closely allied to those we cherish.

4. Besides, when was there a period, since the days of the Apostles, in which so many converts have been made to these principles as have been made, both from Christian and Pagan nations, within the last five and twenty years. Never did the people of the saints of the Most High look

so much like going forth in serious earnest, to take possession of the kingdom and dominion, and the greatest of the kingdom under the whole heaven as at this very day.

5. But suppose the cause did seem declining, we should see no reason to relax our exertions, for Christ has said, preach the gospel to every creature, and appearances, whether prosperous or adverse, alter not the obligation to obey a positive command of Almighty God. Again, suppose all that is affirmed were true. If it must be, let it be,

6. Let the dark cloud of infidelity overspread Europe, cross the ocean, and cover our beloved land—let nation after nation swerve from the faith—let iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, even until there is on the face of this earth, but one pure church of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—all we ask is, that we may be members of that one church. God grant that we may throw ourselves into this Thermopyle of the moral universe.

7. But even then, we should have no fear that the church of God would be exterminated. We would call to remembrance the years of the right hand of the Most High. We would recollect there was once a time, when the whole church of Christ, not only could be, but actually *was* gathered with one accord in one place. It was then that that place was shaken, as with a rushing mighty wind, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. That same day, three thousand were added to the Lord.

8. Soon, we hear, they have filled Jerusalem with their doctrine. The church has commenced her march—Samaria has with one accord believed the gospel—Antioch has become obedient to the faith—the name of Christ has been proclaimed throughout Asia Minor—the temples of the gods, as though smitten by an invisible hand, are deserted—the citizens of Ephesus cry out in despair, Great is Diana of the Ephesians—licentious Corinth is purified by the preaching of Christ crucified.

9. Persecution puts forth her arm to arrest the spreading superstition, but the progress of the faith cannot be stayed. The church of God advances unhurt amidst rocks and dungeons, persecution and death—she has entered Italy, and appears before the walls of the Eternal City—idolatry falls prostrate at her approach—her ensign floats in triumph over the capitol—she has placed upon her brow the diadem of the Caesars.

WAYLAND,

LESSON CXLV.

Extract from Mr. McDuffie's Speech on Corruption.

1. Sir, we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances.

2. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches. Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office, is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power.

3. We may walk amidst it and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the destruction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself.

4. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form; had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of Paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence. But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels."

5. Such, sir, was the process; and in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chair-

man, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of Paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned, covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

7. Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the deceptive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honourable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of Paradise.

8. I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the president addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this, the noblest and strongest of our passions.

9. All that the imagination can desire—honour, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptations. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise, a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.



LESSON CXLVI.

Character of Mr. Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

1. The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority.

2. No state chicanery, no narrow systems, no idle contest for ministerial victory, the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing and impracticable, his object was England, ~~now~~ was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous.

3. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

4. The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

5. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

6. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres.

7. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he like Townsend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

8. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to

Break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

GRATTAN.



LESSON CXLVII.

Mr. Pulteney's Speech on the Reduction of the Army.

1. Sir—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I have always been, sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind: to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation; a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle.

2. The nations around us, sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties. It is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the example of our neighbours? No, sir, on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

3. It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country; it may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room.

4. Besides, sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Caesar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was com-

manded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country.

5. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers are not to be depended on: by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander: he must not consult his own inclination; if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of his house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling.

6. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

7. Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army; not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them.

8. Therefore, do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament, will always be submissive to them: if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore.

9. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army, alter the case: for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army, raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed,

10. It has been urged, sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, sir, have no regard to hereditary successions.

11. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army, without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right?

12. A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim, or mad phrenzy of the soldiers?

13. We are told, this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction? Is there any army in the world, continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke.

14. We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it into their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose

LESSON CXLVIII.

Description of Junius.

1. Where, then, sir, shall we look for the origin of this relaxation of the laws and of all government? How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you: no, they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broken through all their toils, is before them.

2. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and that there was an end of his triumphs; not that he had not asserted many truths. Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths by which a wise prince might profit.

3. It was the rancour and venom with which I was struck. In these respects, the North Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected from this daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down with violence upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch beneath his rage.

4. Nor has he dreaded the terror of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury.

5. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity! He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigour. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity; bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises or threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

BURKE.

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LESSON CXLIX.

From Mr. Ames's Speech on the British Treaty.

1. Mr. Speaker—If any, against all these proofs, should maintain, that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask whether it is not already planted there?

2. I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword; it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

3. On this theme my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains.

4. I would say to the inhabitants, Wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed: the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn field; you are a mother—the war-wheop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

5. On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings: it is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, they will speak a language, compared with which all I have said, or can say, will be poor and frigid.

6. Will it be whispered, that the treaty has made me a new champion for the protection of the frontiers. It is known, that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

7. Who will accuse me of wandering out of this subject?

Who will say, that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty, for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects?

8. Are republicans irresponsible? Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of the state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask—Can you put the dearest interest of society to hazard, without guilt, and without remorse?

9. It is vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen: they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote: we choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them, as for the measures that we know will produce them.

10. By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victim. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

11. There is no mistake in this case, there can be none; experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and complaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of the wilderness: it exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk.

12. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I

listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture: already they seem to sigh in the western wind; already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.



LESSON CL.

Extract from Mr. Harper's Speech on Resisting the Aggressions of France.

1. When France shall at length be convinced, that we are firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she will soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources are; she well knows their greatness and extent; she well knows, that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary.

2. She will not, therefore, drive us to this extremity, but will desist as soon as she finds us determined. I have already touched on our means of injuring France, and of repelling her attacks; and if those means were less than they are, still they might be rendered all-sufficient, by resolution and courage.

3. It is in these that the strength of nations consists, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money; in the "unconquerable *will*—the courage never to submit or yield." These are the true sources of national greatness; and, to use the words of a celebrated writer, "where these means are not wanting, all others will be found or created."

4. It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It is by these, that in latter times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, have honourably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself.

5. They have not been without their trials. They had given refuge to many French emigrants, whom their vengeful and implacable country had driven and pursued from state to state, and whom it wished to deprive of their last asylum in the mountains of Switzerland. The Swiss were

required to drive them away, under the pretence that to afford them a retreat was contrary to the laws of neutrality.

6. They at first temporized and evaded the demand: France insisted; and, finding at length that evasion was useless, they assumed a firm attitude, and declared, that having afforded an asylum to those unfortunate exiles, which no law of neutrality forbade, they would protect them in it at every hazard. France, finding them thus resolved, gave up the attempt.

7. This was affected by that daring courage, which alone can make a nation great or respectable; and this effect has invariably been produced by the same cause, in every age and every clime. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies?

8. It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ; and Hannibal, victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people, firmly resolved to conquer or die: and resolution insured them the victory.

9. When did Athens appear the greatest and most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.



LESSON CLI.

The Liberty of the Press.

1. Where the press is free and discussion unrestrained, the mind, by the collision of intercourse, gets rid of its own asperities, a sort of insensible perspiration takes place in the body politic, by which those acrimonies, which would

otherwise fester and inflame, are quietly dissolved and dissipated.

2. But now, if any aggregate assembly shall meet, they are censured; if a printer publishes their resolutions he is punished. Rightly to be sure in both cases, for it has been lately done. If the people say, let us not create tumult, but meet in delegation, they cannot do it; if they are anxious to promote parliamentary reform in that way, they cannot do it; the law of the last session has for the first time declared such meetings to be a crime.

3. What then remains? The liberty of the press **ONLY**; that sacred palladium, which no influence, no power, no minister, no government, which nothing but the depravity, or folly, or corruption of a jury, can ever destroy. And what calamities are the people saved from by having public communication left open to them?

4. I will tell you, gentlemen, what they are saved from, and what the government is saved from; I will tell you also to what both are exposed by shutting up that communication. In one case sedition speaks aloud, and walks abroad; the demagogue goes forth; the public eye is upon him; he frets his busy hour upon the stage; but soon, either weariness, or bribe, or punishment, or disappointment, bears him down, or drives him off, and he appears no more.

5. In the other case, how does the work of sedition go forward? Night after night the muffled rebel steals forth in the dark, and casts another and another brand upon the pile, to which, when the hour of fatal maturity shall arrive, he will apply the flame. If you doubt of the horrid consequences of suppressing the effusion of individual discontent, look to those enslaved countries where the protection of despotism is supposed to be secured by such restraints. Even the person of the despot there is never in safety.

6. Neither the fears of the despot, nor the machinations of the slave, have any slumber, the one anticipating the moment of peril, the other watching the opportunity of aggression. The fatal crisis is equally a surprise upon both; the decisive instant is precipitated without warning, by folly on the one side, or by frenzy on the other, and there is no notice of the treason till the traitor acts.

7. But, gentlemen, if you wish for a nearer and more interesting example, you have it in the history of your own revolution; you have it in that memorable period, when the

monarch found a servile acquiescence in the ministers of his folly; when the liberty of the press was trodden under foot: when venal sheriffs returned packed juries to carry into effect those fatal conspiracies of the few against the many.

8. When the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness of sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.

9. In that awful moment of a nation's travail; of the last gasp of tyranny, and the first breath of freedom, how pregnant is the example! The press extinguished, the people enslaved, and the prince undone. As the advocate of society, therefore, of peace, of domestic liberty, and the lasting union of the two countries, I conjure you to guard the liberty of the press, that great sentinel of state, that grand detector of public imposture: guard it, because, when it sinks, there sinks with it, in one common grave, the liberty of the subject, and the security of the crown.

CURRAN.



LESSON CLII.

Extract from Mr. Curran's Speech on the Trial of Rowan.

1. Gentlemen—If still you have any doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, give me leave to suggest to you what circumstances you ought to consider, in order to found your verdict. You should consider the character of the person accused, and in this your task is easy.

2. I will venture to say, there is not a man in this nation more known than the gentleman who is the subject of this prosecution, not only by the part he has taken in public concerns, and which he has taken in common with many, but still more so, by that extraordinary sympathy for human affliction, which, I am sorry to think, he shares with so small a number.

3. There is not a day that you hear the cries of your starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings; that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief, searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses: the authority of his own generous example.

4. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the private abode of disease, and famine, and despair; the messenger of Heaven, bearing with him food, and medicine, and consolation. Are these the materials of which anarchy and public rapine are to be formed? Is this the man, on whom to fasten the abominable charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed?

5. Is this the man likely to apostatize from every principle that can bind him to the state, his birth, his property, his education, his character, and his children? Let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, if you agree with his prosecutors, in thinking that there ought to be a sacrifice of such a man, on such an occasion, and upon the credit of such evidence, you are to convict him.

6. Never did you, never can you give a sentence, consigning any man to public punishment with less danger to his person or to his fame: for where could the hireling be found to fling contumely or ingratitude at his head, whose private distress he had not laboured to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not laboured to improve.

7. When your sentence shall have sent him forth to that stage, which guilt alone can render infamous, let me tell you, he will not be like a little statue upon a mighty pedestal, diminishing by elevation. But he will stand a striking and imposing object upon a monument, which, if it does not, and it cannot, record the atrocity of his crime, must record the atrocity of his conviction.

8. But I will not, for the justice and honour of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipations. I will not relinquish the confidence, that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and, however mercilessly he has hitherto been pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country.

9. But if, which Heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority; because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.



LESSON CLIII.

Female Accomplishments.

1. A young lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren, having her dressing room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Semphronia herself, and yet we shall insist that she may have been very badly educated.

2. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others, which should not be left undone. Many things are becoming, but "one thing is needful." Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprized of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

3. But, though a well bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object.

4. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned,

is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families.

5. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist.

6. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

HANNAH MORE.



LESSON CLIV.

The Voice of Departed Friendship.

1. I had a friend who died in early youth!
—And often in these melancholy dreams,
When my soul travels through the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory,
Methinks I hear his voice!—sweet as the breath
Of balmy ground-flowers stealing from some spot
Of sunshine sacred, in a gloomy wood,
To everlasting spring.
2. In the church-yard,
Where now he sleeps,—the day before he died,—
Silent we sat together on a grave;
Till, gently laying his pale hand on mine,
Pale in the moonlight that was coldly sleeping
On heaving sod and marble monument,—
This was the music of his last farewell!
3. “Weep not, my brother! though thou seest me led,
By short and easy stages, day by day,
With motion almost imperceptible,
Into the quiet grave. God’s will be done.
Even when a boy, in doleful solitude
My soul oft sat within the shadow of death!

4. And, when I looked along the laughing earth,
Up the blue heavens, and through the middle air,
Joyfully ringing with the sky-lark's song,
I wept, and thought how sad for one so young
To bid farewell to so much happiness!
5. But, Christ hath called me from this lower world,
Delightful though it be; and when I gaze
On the green earth and all its happy hills,
'Tis with such feelings as a man beholds
A little farm which he is doomed to leave
On an appointed day. Still more and more
He loves it as that mournful day draws near,
But hath prepared his heart, and is resigned."
6. —Then, lifting up his radiant eyes to heaven,
He said with fervent voice—"O what were life,
Even in the warm and summer-light of joy,
Without those hopes, that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breadth from the ocean of eternity."

HANNAH MORE.



LESSON CLV.

The Character of Blannerhassett.

Extract from the Speech of William Wirt, in the trial of Aaron Burr, for Treason, in preparing the means of a Military Expedition against Mexico, a Territory of the King of Spain, with whom the United States were at Peace; in the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Virginia, 1807.

1. *May it please your Honours*,—Let us now put the case between Burr and Blannerhassett. Let us compare the two men, and settle the question of precedence between them. Who then is Blannerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country, to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island, in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy.

2. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might have envied, blooms around him. Music, that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers

to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity and innocence shed their mingled delights around him.

3. The evidence would convince you, that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself.

4. Introduced to their civilities, by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts, by the dignity and elegance of his demeanour, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous.

5. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all, who choose it, enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection.

6. By degrees, he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition. He breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardour panting for great enterprises, for all the storm and bustle and hurricane of life. In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished.

7. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangour and the cannon's roar.

8. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars and garters and titles of nobility.

9. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation,

at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, we find the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of" summer "to visit too roughly," we find her shivering at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell.

10. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

11. Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr, then, not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blannerhassett in fortune, character, and happiness, for ever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill fated man between himself and punishment.



LESSON CLVI.

National Glory.—Extract from a Speech of Mr. Clay.

1. We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honour, nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war?

2. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure

of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis never to be shaken. The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land, is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes, there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favour.

3. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, *national glory*, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot. What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired.

4. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

5. Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause has its beneficial influence.

6. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers, they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is the sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it.

LESSON CLVII.

CATHARIANA.—*Addressed to Miss Stepleton.*

1. She came—she is gone—we have met—
And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
And seems to have risen in vain.
Cathariana has fled like a dream—
(So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem,
That will not so suddenly pass.
2. The last evening ramble we made,
Cathariana, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delayed
By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paused under many a tree,
And much was she charmed with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
Who so lately had witnessed her own.
3. My numbers that day she had sung,
And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
Could infuse into numbers of mine.
The longer I heard, I esteemed
The work of my fancy the more,
And ev'n to myself never seemed
So tuneful a poet before.
4. Though the pleasures of London exceed
In number the days of the year,
Cathariana, did nothing impede,
Would feel herself happier here;
For the close woven arches of limes
On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
Than aught that the city can show.
5. So it is, when the mind is endued
With a well judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellished or rude,
'Tis nature alone that we love;

The achievements of art may amuse,
 May even our wonder excite,
 But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse
 A lasting, a sacred delight.

6. Since then in the rural recess
 Cathariana alone can rejoice,
 May it still be her lot to possess
 The scene of her sensible choice!
 To inhabit a mansion remote
 From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
 And by Philomel's annual note
 To measure the life that she leads.

7. With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home;
 And with scenes that new nature inspire,
 As oft as it suits her to roam;
 She will have just the life she prefers,
 With little to hope or to fear,
 And ours would be pleasant as hers,
 Might we view her enjoying it here.

COWPER.



LESSON CLVIII.

Pictur'e of an Informer.

1. But the learned gentleman is further pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers.

2. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you knows by the testimony of his own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those

horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory.

3. I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government, are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretched that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

4. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy waves of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of differential horror?

5. How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of wo and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent:—there *was* an antidote—a juror's oath—but even this adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

CURRAN.



LESSON CLIX.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Washington, 1812.

1. When Britain shall pass from the stage of nations, it will be, indeed, with her glory, but it will also be with her shame. And with shame, will her annals in nothing more

be loaded than in this—that, while in the actual possession of much relative freedom at home, it has been her uniform characteristic to let fall upon the remote subjects of her own empire, an iron hand of harsh and vindictive power. If, as is alleged in her eulogy, to touch her soil proclaims emancipation to the slave, it is more true, that when her sceptre reaches beyond that confined limit, it thenceforth, as it menacingly waves throughout the globe, inverts the rule that would give to her soil this purifying virtue.

2. Witness Scotland, towards whom her treatment, until the union in the last century, was marked, during the longest periods, by perfidious injustice or by rude force, circumventing her liberties, or striving to cut them down with the sword. Witness Ireland, who for five centuries has bled, who, to the present hour, continues to bleed, under the yoke of her galling supremacy; whose miserable victims seem at length to have laid down, subdued and despairing, under the multiplied inflictions of her cruelty and rigour.

3. In vain do her own best statesmen and patriots remonstrate against this unjust career! in vain put forth the annual efforts of their benevolence, their zeal, their eloquence; in vain touch every spring that interest, that humanity, that the maxims of everlasting justice can move, to stay its force and mitigate the fate of Irishmen. Alas, for the persecuted adherents of the cross she leaves no hope! witness her subject millions in the east, where, in the descriptive language of the greatest of her surviving orators, “sacrilege, massacre, and perfidy pile up the sombre pyramids of her renown.”

4. But, all these instances are of her fellow men, of merely co-equal, perhaps unknown descent and blood; co-existing from all time with herself, and making up only accidentally, a part of her dominion. We ought to have been spared. The otherwise undistinguishing rigour of this outstretched sceptre might still have spared us. We were not so much a part of her empire as a part of herself—her very self.

5. Towards her own it might have been expected she would relent. When she invaded our homes, she saw her own countenance, heard her own voice, beheld her own altars! Where was then that pure spirit which, she now would tell us, sustains her amidst self-sacrifices, in her generous contest for the liberties of other nations?

6. If it flowed in her nature, here, here it might have delighted to beam out; here was space for its saving love: the true mother chastens, not destroys the child! but Britain, when she struck at us, struck at her own image, struck too at the immortal principles which her Lockes, her Milttons, and her Sydneys taught, and the fell blow severed us for ever, as a kindred nation! The crime is purely her own; and upon her, not us, be its consequences and its stain.

RICHARD RUSH.



LESSON CLX.

Consumption.

1. There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone
And departed around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's garden blèw,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.
2. O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
3. And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.
4. In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,

Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
 When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
 In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
 The maiden may trip in the dance along,
 And think of the passing moment that lies,
 Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
 And yield to the present, that charms around
 With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
 Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
 With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
 And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
 And the heart in its fullness flowing o'er
 With a few big drops, that are soon repressed,
 For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
 In this enlivened and gladsome hour
 The spirit may burn with a brighter pow'r;
 But dearer the calm and quiet day,
 When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

5. And when her sun is low declining,
 And life wears out with no repining,
 And the whisper that tells of early death,
 Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
 When it comes, at the hour of still repose,
 To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
6. And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,
 Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;
 And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
 But the hectic spot that flushes there,
 When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
 In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
 And give a tinge to her icy lips,
 Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
 As richly red, and as transient too,
 As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
 That seem like a host of glory met
 To honour the sun at his golden set:
7. O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
 How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
 As if she would blend her soul with his
 In a deep and long imprinted kiss;
 So, fondly the panting camel flies,
 Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,

And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
 And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast,
 And though her dying voice be mute,
 Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
 And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
 And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
 Her eye still beams unwonted fires
 With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
 And her last fond, lingering look is giv'n
 To the love she leaves and then to heaven,
 As if she would bear that love away
 To a purer world and a brighter day.

PERCIVAL.



LESSON CLXI.

Diminution of the Indian Tribes.

1. There is, indeed, in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction.

2. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone for ever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the furthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes.

3. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rung through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with the warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down, but they wept not.

4. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

5. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? the sachems and the tribes? the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed.

6. The wasting pestilence has not done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region, which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi.

7. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch, but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech.

8. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never.

They know and feel that there is for them but one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen.—It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

STORY.



LESSON CLXII.

Industry Necessary to Form the Orator.

1. The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry; not an eminent orator has lived, but is an example of it. Yet in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they might rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise.

2. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public before they had learned it. If any one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles, and, only after the most laborious process, dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies, in sensible forms, before his eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails!

3. If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most impressive execution. If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labour, that he might know its compass and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression.

4. And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various, the most expressive of all instruments, which the

infinite Creator has fashioned, by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice; he comes to it, a mere un instructed tyro, thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles in his mind for ever, that the attempt is vain.

5. Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no effort to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Cicero and Demosthenes, none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence?

6. If those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefitted from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd, that sunk to oblivion around them.

7. Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence, which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in the delivery!

8. How unworthy of one, who performs the high function of a religious instructor, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiment, and final character of many fellow beings, to imagine that he can worthily discharge this great concern by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, or attractive; and which, simply, through that want of command over himself, which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling!

9. It has been said of the good preacher,

That truths divine come mended from his tongue.

Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul, and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles, which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

H. WARE, jr.



LESSON CLXIII.

True and False Grandeur.

1. _____ What is station high?

"Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.

2. Religion, public order, both exact

External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up to serve
The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.

3. Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.

Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrowed and unbought;
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?

4. Can place or lesson us or aggrandize?

Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

5. Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodged in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power.

'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before?
 Then thou before wert something less than man.
 Has thy new post betrayed thee into pride?
 That pride defames humanity, and calls
 The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise.

YOUNG.



LESSON CLXIV.

A Dialogue on Learning and Usefulness.

HOWARD and LESTER.

Howard. Life is much like a fiddle: every man plays such a tune as suits him.

Lester. The more like a fiddle, the better I like it. Any thing that makes a merry noise suits me; and the man that does not set his hours to music, has a dull time on't.

How. But, Lester, are there no serious duties in life? Ought we not to improve our minds, and to prepare for usefulness?

Lest. Why, in the present day, a man's preparing himself for usefulness, is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Our country is full of useful men; ten, at least, to where one is wanted, and all of them ten times as ready to serve the public, as the public is to be served. If every man should go to Congress that's fit for it, the federal city would hardly hold them.

How. You mean, if all who think themselves fit for it.

Lest. No; I mean as I said.

How. Then what do you think fits a man for Congress?

Lest. Why he must be flippant and bold.

How. What good will that do him, if he is without knowledge?

Lest. O! he must have knowledge to be sure.

How. Well, must he not be a man in whom the people can trust? Must he not understand politics? and must he not be able and willing to serve his country?

Lest. I agree to all that.

How. Then you suppose that the federal city could hardly hold all our men who unite eloquence with confi-

dence, knowledge with integrity, and policy with patriotism. I fear that a counting-house would give them full accommodation.

Lest. I don't go so deep into these matters: but this is certain, that when the election comes, more than enough are willing to go.

How. That, my friend, only proves that more than enough are ignorant of themselves: but are there no other ways of serving the public?

Lest. Yes; one may preach, if he will do it for little or nothing. He may practice law, if he can get any body to employ him; or he may be a doctor or an instructor; but I tell you the country is crowded with learned men begging business.

How. Then you intend to prepare yourself for the ignorant herd, so that you may not be crowded.

Lest. I have serious thoughts of it. You may take your own way, but I'll never wear out a fine pair of eyes in preparing myself for usefulness, till this same public will give me a bond to employ me when I am ready to serve them. 'Till such a bond is signed, sealed, and delivered, I shall set my hours to the tune of "Jack's alive." To-day's the ship I sail in, and that will carry the flag, in spite of the combined powers of yesterdays and to-morrows.

How. Well, Lester, you can take your choice. I shall set my hours to a more serious tune. I ask no bond of the public. If my mind is well furnished with knowledge, and that same generous public, which has so uniformly called to her service the discerning, should refuse my services, still I shall possess a treasure, which, after a few years of dissipation, you would give the world to purchase,
THE RECOLLECTION OF TIME WELL SPENT.

LESSON CLXV.

Scene from the Tragedy of Cato.

CATO, LUCIUS, and SEMPRONIUS.

1. *Cato.* Fathers, we once again are met in council:
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
2. Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts; are they still fix'd
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.
3. *Sempronius.* My voice is still for war.
Heav'ns! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death!
No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
4. Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge your slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
If we shall sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
5. Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, to battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd among us.

6. *Cato.* Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides.
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.

7. Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to the field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

8. *Lucius.* My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on
 peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans. Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.

9. It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers;
 The gods declare against us; repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to reat in Heav'n's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome;
 Now let us show submission to the gods.

10. We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
 Is done already. Heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

11. *Cato.* Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate: we have bulwarks around us:
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun:

12. Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;
But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

13. Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw our term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last;
So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
And let me perish; but in Cato's judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. SHAKSPEARE.



LESSON CLXVI.

DIALOGUE ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

Frank and Henry.

Frank. It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by half a dozen years acquaintance.

Henry. Pray how is that done? I should wish to learn such an art.

Fr. Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy?

Hen. No. What do you mean by such a hard word?

Fr. Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza, with a pair of eye brows, heavy like the cornice of a house; with full eyes, and a Roman nose, depend on it he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

Hen. It seems to me I should rather go below his nose to discover his scholarship.

Fr. By no means: if you look for beauty, you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise never go below the region of the brain.

Enter George.

George. Well, I have been to see the man hanged. And he is gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

Fr. Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

Geor. Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this trumpery of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

Fr. I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all faces in the world are different; and equally true, that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

Enter Peter.

Peter. [to *Frank.*] Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Bersheeba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you without the ceremony of an introduction.

Fr. Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

Pet. By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

Fr. I see that *you* are not ignorant of physiognomy.

Pet. I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that unless the features are very remarkable, I cannot determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines, which lead from the outer verge to the centre of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

Fr. You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips, to deceit, and your hands, to fraud.

Pet. I must confess that you have hit upon my true character; though a different one, from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

Fr. [to *Henry and George.*] Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. [While he is speaking this, Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with himself.] Now, can you conceive, that without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

Hen. Pray tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips was no guile, and in his hands, no fraud?

Fr. Aye, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our se-

crets. But I will show you a face and character, which exactly suits him. [Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wildly and concerned.]

Geor. [Tauntingly.] Aye, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"

Fr. He is a wretch! a traitor against every good sign! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. [Offers to go.]

Hen. Stop a moment. His fine honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

Fr. What's that? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

Hen. By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have had no more pretence to genius or learning than a common school-boy. Learn henceforth to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips, by their words, and their hearts, by their lives.



LESSON CLXVII.

*The Sultan and Mr. Haswell.**

Sultan. Englishman, you were invited hither to receive public thanks for our troops restored to health by your prescriptions. Ask a reward adequate to your services.

Hasw. Sultan, the reward I ask, is, leave to preserve more of your people still.

Sult. How more? my subjects are in health; no contagion visits them.

* In the year 1786, says Mrs. Inchbald, (the authoress of the play from which the above interesting extract is selected,) *Howard*, under the name of *Haswell*, was on his philanthropic travels through Europe and parts of Asia, to mitigate the sufferings of the prisoners. He fell a sacrifice to his humanity; for visiting a sick person at Cherson, who had a malignant fever, he caught the infection, and died January 20, 1790, aged 70. A statue is erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, with a suitable inscription.

Hasw. The prisoner is your subject. There, misery, more contagious than disease, preys on the lives of hundreds: sentenced but to confinement, their doom is death. Immured in damp and dreary vaults, they daily perish; and who can tell but that, among the many hapless sufferers, there may be hearts bent down with penitence, to heaven and you, for every slight offence—there may be some, among the wretched multitude, even innocent victims. Let me seek them out—let me save them and you.

Sult. Amazement! retract your application: curb this weak pity; and accept our thanks.

Hasw. Restrain my pity;—and what can I receive in recompense for that soft bond which links me to the wretched? and, while it sooths their sorrow, repays me more than all the gifts an empire can bestow!—But, if it be a virtue repugnant to your plan of government, I apply not in the name of *Pity*, but of *Justice*.

Sult. Justice!

Hasw. The justice that forbids all, but the worst of criminals, to be denied that wholesome air the very brute creation freely takes.

Sult. Consider for whom you plead—for men (if not base culprits) so misled, so depraved, they are dangerous to our state, and deserve none of its blessings.

Hasw. If not upon the undeserving—if not upon the wretched wanderer from the paths of rectitude—where shall the sun diffuse his light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall spring breathe fragrance, or autumn pour its plenty?

Sult. Sir, your sentiments, still more your character, excite my curiosity. They tell me, that in our camps you visited each sick man's bed; administered yourself the healing draught; encouraged our savages with the hope of life, or pointed out their better hope in death.—The *widow* speaks your *charities*, the *orphan* lisps your *bounties*, and the *rough Indian* melts in tears to *bless you*.—I wish to ask why have you done all this?—what is it that prompts you thus to befriend the miserable and forlorn?

Hasw. It is in vain to explain:—the time it would take to reveal to you—

Sult. Satisfy my curiosity in writing, then.

Hasw. Nay, if you will read, I'll send a book in which is already written why I act thus.

Sult. What book? what is it called?

Hasw. " *The Christian Doctrine.*" There you will find all I have done was but my duty.

Sult. Your words recall reflections that distract me; nor can I bear the pressure on my mind, without confessing—I am a *Christian*.

MRS. INCHBALD.



LESSON CLXVIII.

Soliloquy of Macbeth, when going to murder Duncan, king of Scotland.

1. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
2. I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon* goutst of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.
3. Now o'er the one half world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howls his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about,

* Haft, handle. † Drops. [gouttes, French.] " *Gut* for drop is still used in Scotland by physicians."—Johnson. The diphthong *ou* in *gout* has the sound of *oo*, as in *croup* and *group*.

And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me,—
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell

SHAKESPEARE.



LESSON CLXIX.

Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
 You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
 Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
 That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
 To sell and mart your offices for gold,
 To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
 You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
 Or, be assured, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
 And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
 Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty meed of our large honours
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is it possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a mad man stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! Aye, more. Fret till your proud heart
breaks.

Go tell your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? Be assured,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way! you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done what you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.

— I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such villain counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my heart;
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
Appear as huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Anthony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast! within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 Oh, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
 Which much enforc'd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
 To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
 When grief and blood ill temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
 When that rash humour that my mother gave me,
 Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
 When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.



LESSON CLXX.

Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul.

Senna.—Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture:—in his hand PLATO's book on the Immortality of the Soul:—a drawn sword on the table by him.

Cato. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me:
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
 Thus am I doubly armed: my death* and life,†
 My bane* and antidote† are both before me.
 This,* in a moment, brings me to my end;
 But thist† informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

• The Sword. † The Book.

FINIS.

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